

No. 51

MARCH

# GIGGLE COMICS







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# WUXTRY!

## COMICS MAGAZINE

### SMASH HIT!

IT'S **Hi-Jinx**

... THE GREATEST FUNNY BOOK  
THAT EVER HIT THE STANDS!  
AND FEATURING A **BRAND-NEW**  
**IDEA IN COMICS THAT'LL**  
**SPLIT YOUR SIDES!**  
**FOR THE FIRST TIME...**  
**TEEN-AGE ANIMAL FUNNIES!**

THEY'RE RIOTOUS...DELIGHTFULLY  
DIFFERENT! THINK ONLY HUMANS  
CAN CUT A RUG? THEN MEET  
SOME **REAL HEPCATS...** A  
MERRY MENAGERIE OF JOYOUS  
JITTERBUGS IN SENSATIONAL,  
SMILE-A-SECOND STORIES  
GEARED FOR GIGGLES AND  
GASPS!

DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN  
YOU! Remember...you'll  
bust your stitches if  
you read

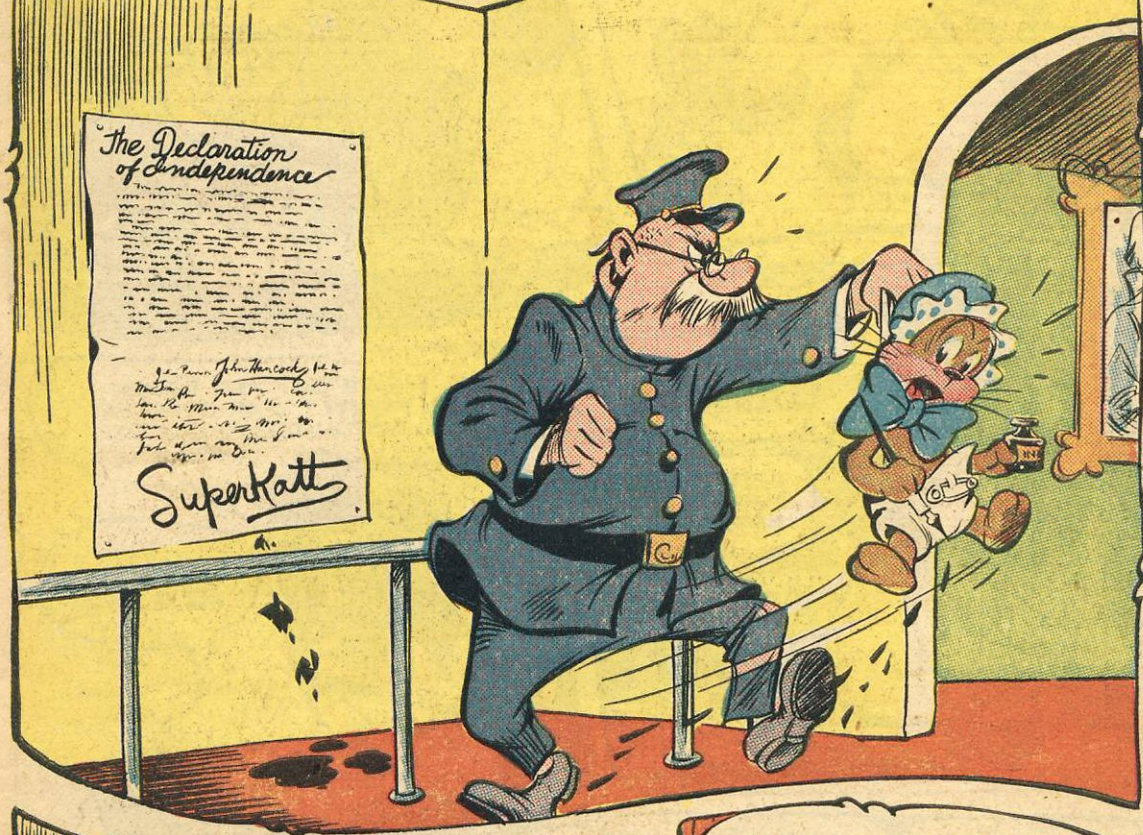


**Hi-Jinx**  
TEEN-AGE ANIMAL FUNNIES

**10¢ ON ALL STANDS**



# SUPERKATT





YEAH! DAT WONDERFUL SPEECH  
HE MADE -- "FOURSCORE AND  
SEBEN YEAR AGO"--

NO! NO, PETUNIA!--  
THAT WAS LINCOLN  
THAT MADE THAT  
SPEECH!

WOT'S DA DIFFERENCE ?  
HE WUZ A PRESIDENT,  
WUZNT HE ?

YES, BUT--

WAL, SHUT YO'  
MOUTH! - JIST  
'CAUSE YOU AIN'T  
LITERARY AS AH  
IS LITERARY!

\*GIMMEE LIBERTEE  
OR GIMME DEATH!\*  
GREAT MAN, DAT  
WASHINGTON!

GREAT SPEECH TOO,  
BUT IT WAS PATRICK  
HENRY AND NOT-

" I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN  
TA FIGHT! " -- AH SUPPOSE  
WASHINGTON DIDN'T SAY DAT  
TOO ?

THAT'S  
RIGHT!  
HE DIDN'T!

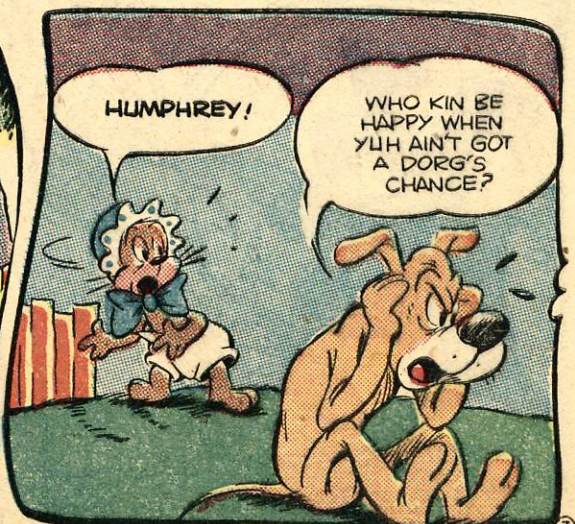
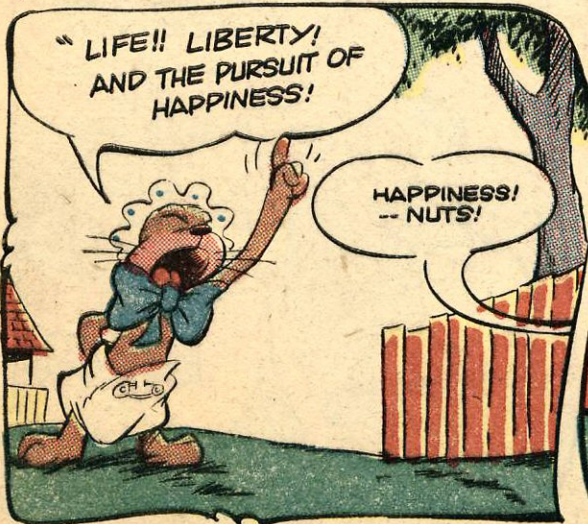
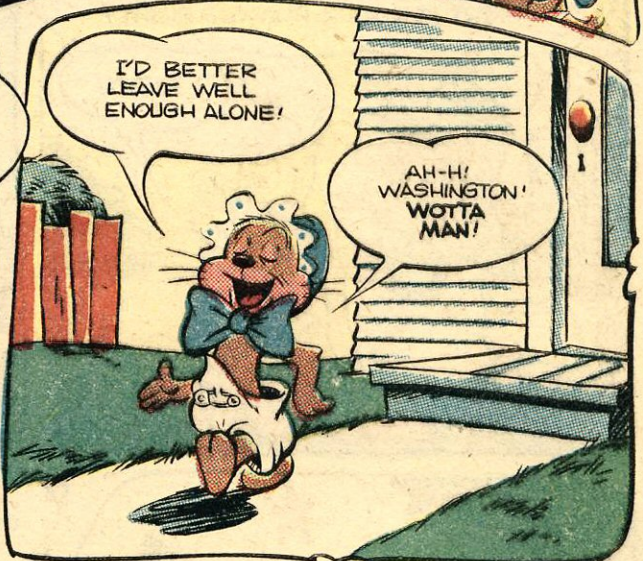
IT WAS JOHN  
PAUL JONES..  
THE GREAT  
ADMIRAL--

HA HA HA - DAT'S  
DA FUNNIEST  
THING I EVER HEERED!

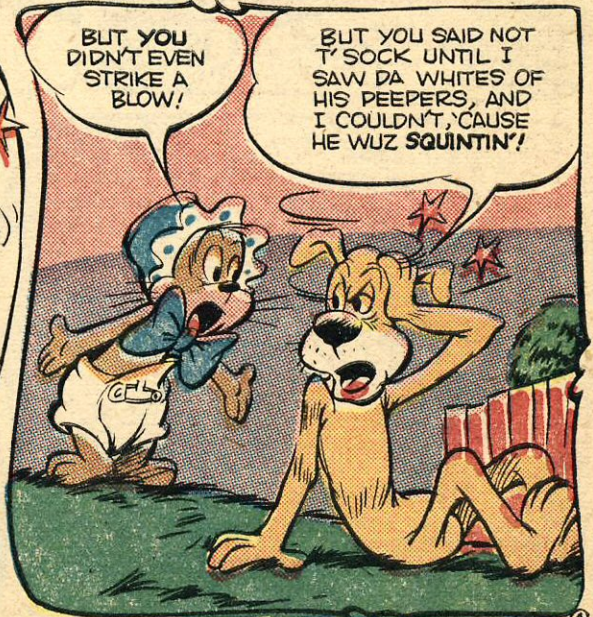
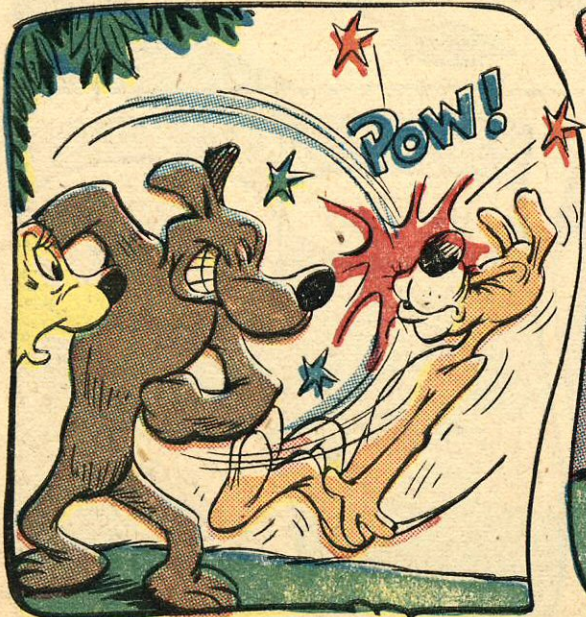
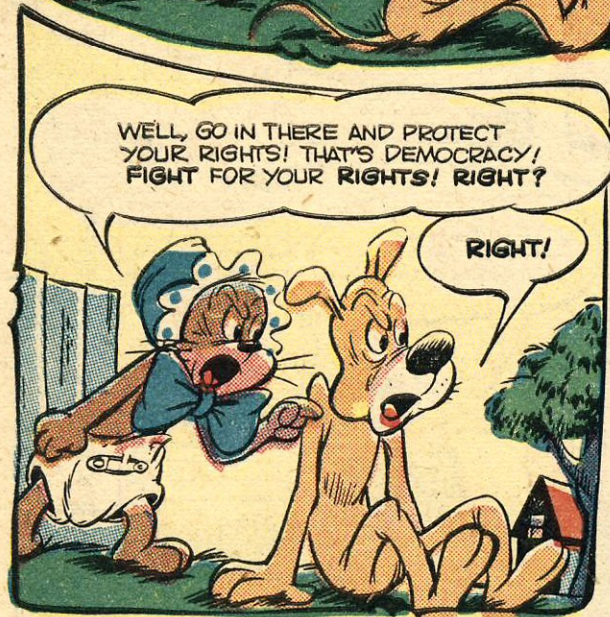
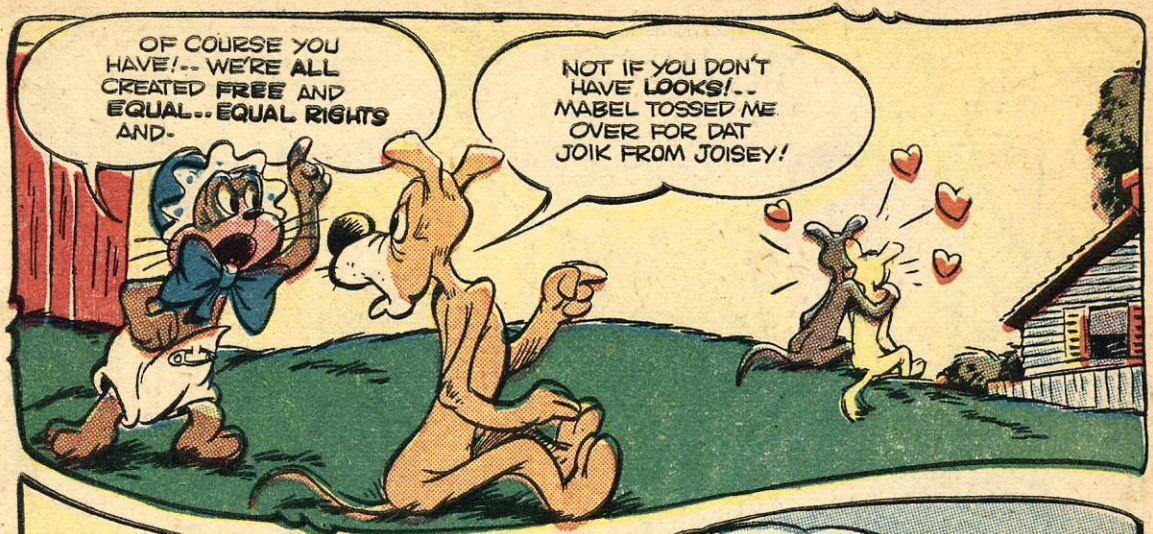
PETUNIA'S  
EDUCATION HAS  
BEEN SADLY  
NEGLECTED!

HA! HA!  
DAT MAN  
WUZNT EVEN  
IN DA NAVY!

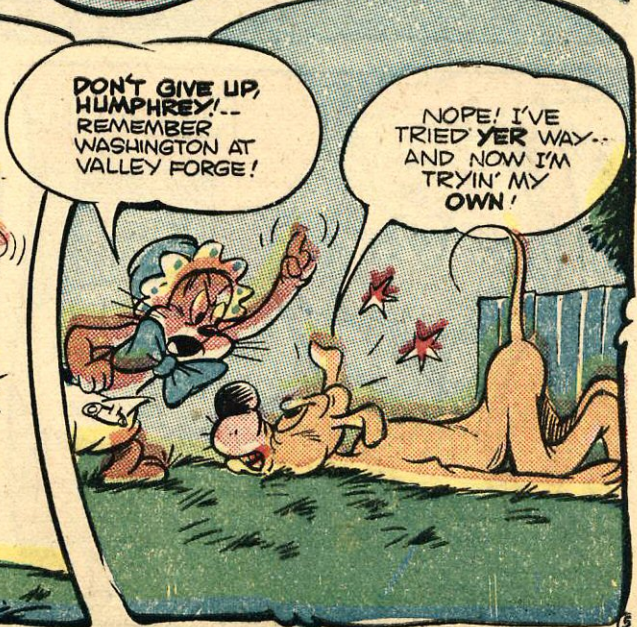
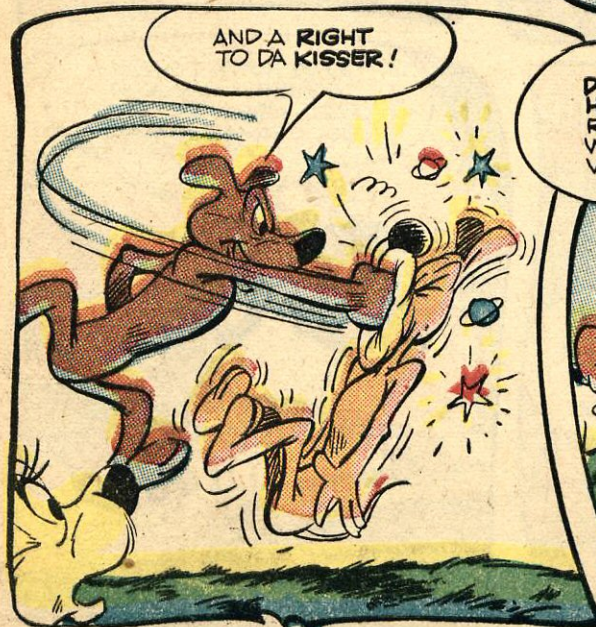
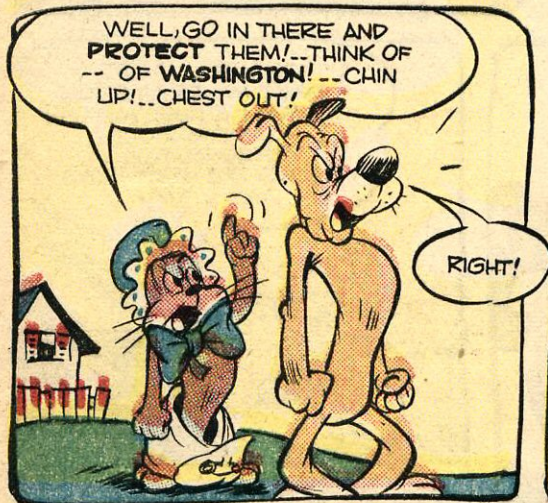
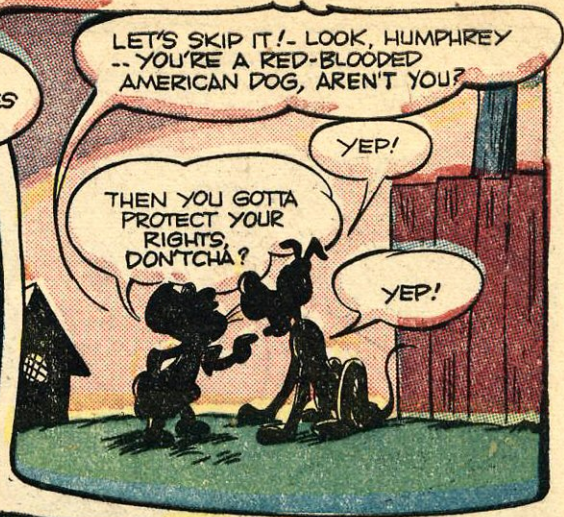
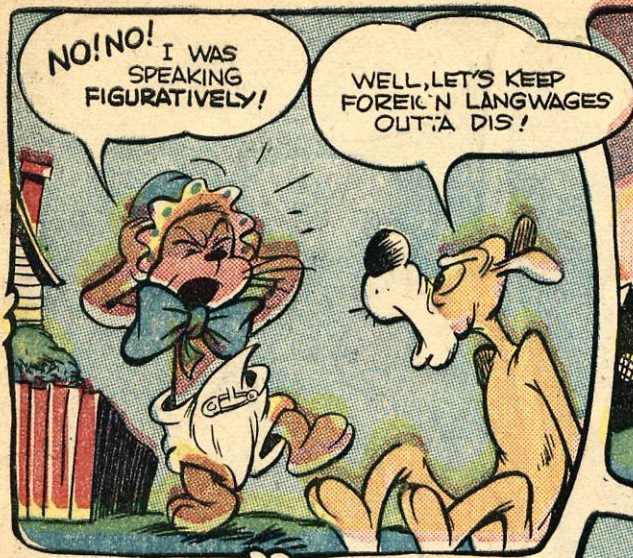




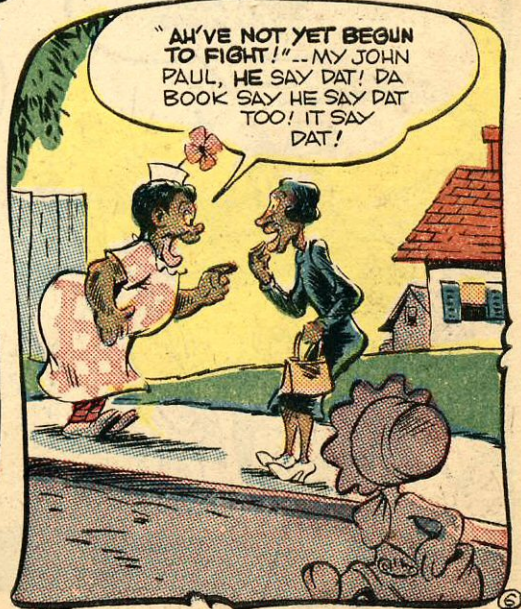
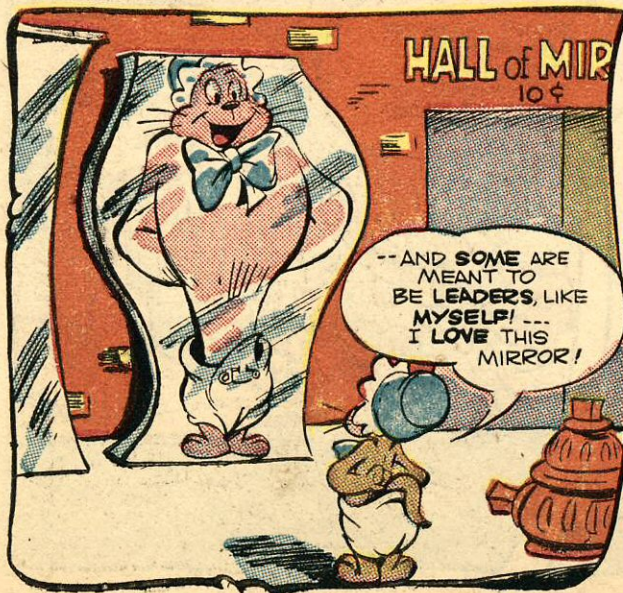
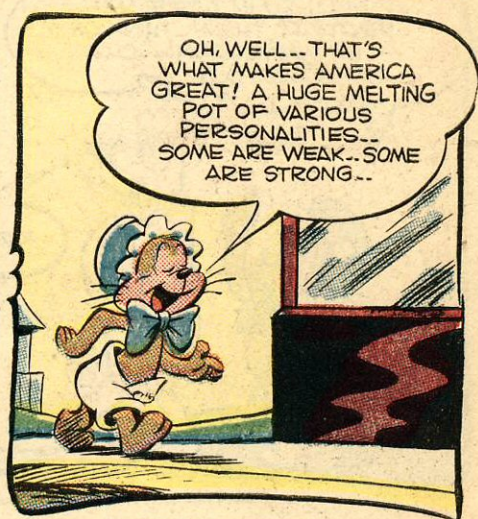
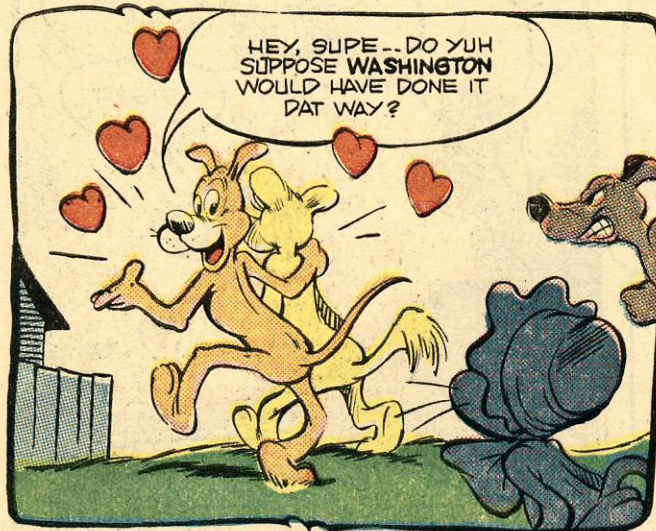
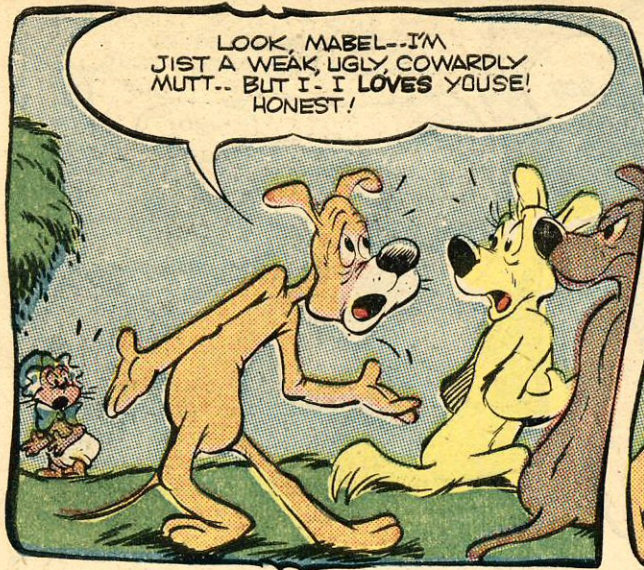




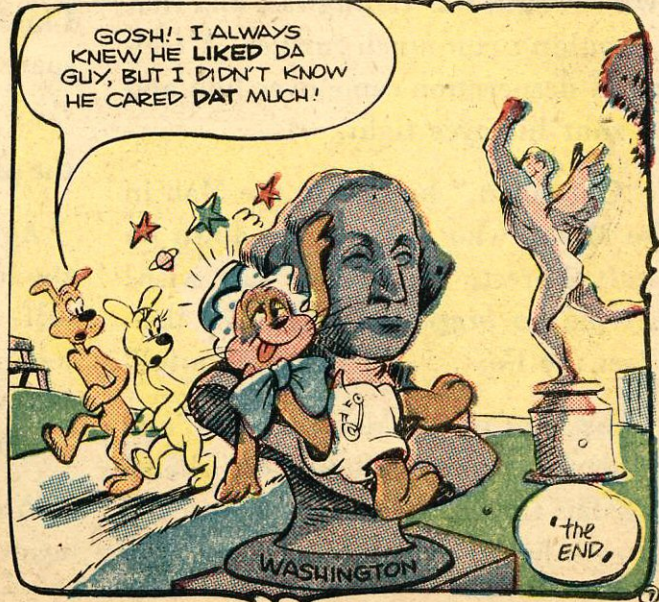
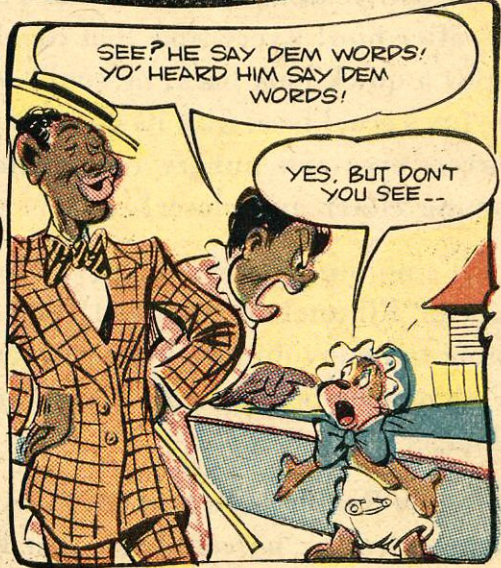
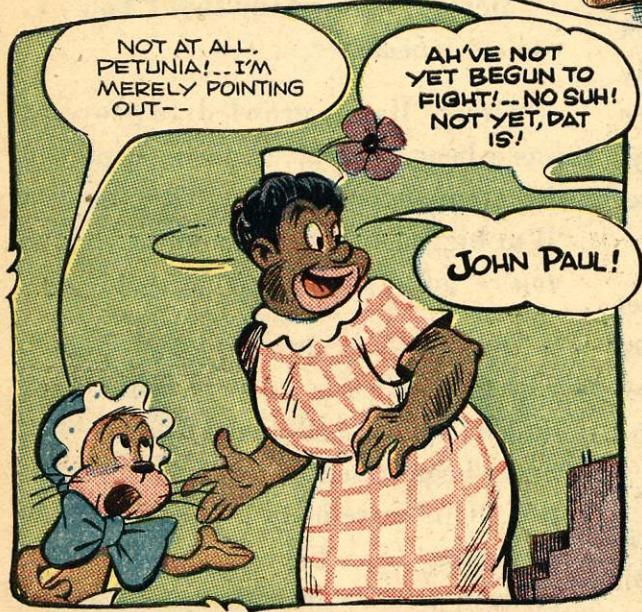














# *Moonlight* **MAGIC**

“OH, he’ll *kill* me, he’ll *kill* me!” quivered Randy Rabbit as he loped through the wild grasses of Leafy Forest. “He shall catch me and eat me!”

Poor Randy Rabbit was as frightened as he could possibly be, and with very good reason. For Fleet the Fox was after him! Every time that Randy threw a quick look back, he could see the fox’s cruel face, with its glistening, narrow eyes and hungry red tongue, coming closer and closer!

“It’s no use runnin’, rabbit!” Fleet called. “I’ll catch up with you! *You’re* going to be my dinner. I can run faster than you because I’m bigger and stronger!”

Randy Rabbit knew that the fox was right. Already, he could tell that his own strength was failing fast and that he couldn’t run much further. A feeling of desperation came over him and he shut his eyes tight.

“Oh, moon,” he said to the Man in the Moon, who was looking down on Leafy Forest, “this is my last wish! Let me be *bigger and stronger* than Fleet the Fox . . . for just a minute!”

The Man in the Moon winked, and suddenly, Randy felt himself changing. His fur was becoming shaggy and brown, he seemed to be growing ever

so much bigger and his teeth felt very strong and sharp.

“Why . . . why . . . I’ve changed into a *bear*!” said Randy Rabbit. He stopped running and waited for Fleet the Fox to see him.

“Mercy!” gasped the fox. “You . . . you’re a *bear*!”

“Grrr!” Randy growled, to prove he was a bear. “Grrr!” And he stretched threatening paws out towards the fox. “I’m bigger and stronger than you, so you’re going to be *my* dinner!”

Fleet the Fox quivered and quaked with fear. He was so very frightened, that he could hardly stand up. He had never been so scared of anything in his life. “Oh, spare me,” he pleaded, tears streaming down his face, “and I’ll never hunt weaker animals again! At last I know how it is to be *hunted*! Please, spare me!”

“You are spared!” said the bear to the pleading fox. “You are free to go!”

As Fleet the Fox scampered off into the forest, Randy looked down at himself. “Why . . . why I’m a *rabbit* again!” he exclaimed, when he saw his own white fur. “I guess there really is magic, after all!”

And the Man in the Moon winked again!



# The DUKE and the DOPE

by KEN HULTGREN

WHAT A FIND!!  
NOTHING LIKE  
GOOD RADIO  
RECEPTION TO EASE  
THE CARES OF WEARY  
TRAVELERS,  
EH, DOPE?

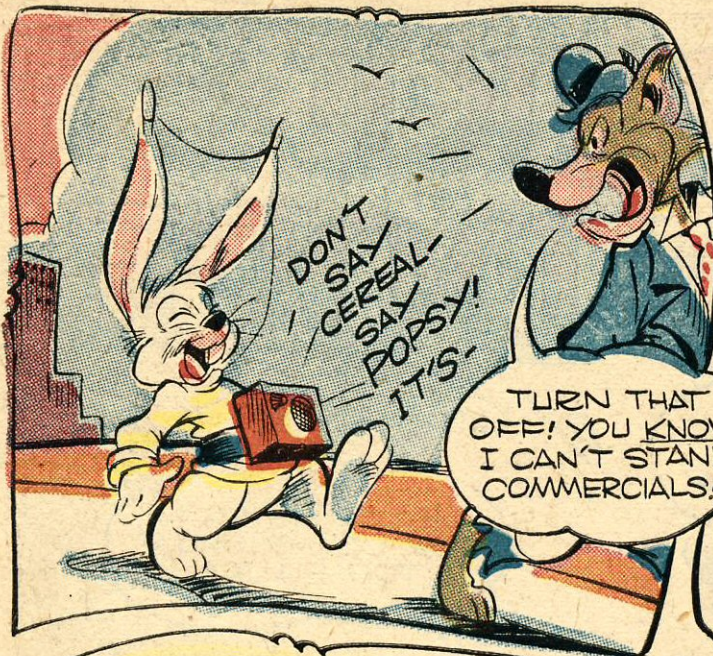
KIN I LISTEN TO  
THE COMMERSHULS  
TOO, DUKE?

NOT IF I CAN  
HELP IT! - HOLD STILL  
WHILE I ERECT THIS AERIAL ON  
YOUR EARS!

NOW TO STRAP  
THE RADIO TO YOU--  
AND WE'RE  
ALL SET!

I'LL TURN IT  
ON!





DON'T SAY CEREAL--  
SAY POPSY!  
IT'S--

TURN THAT OFF! YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAND COMMERCIALS!

Aw-w-w!

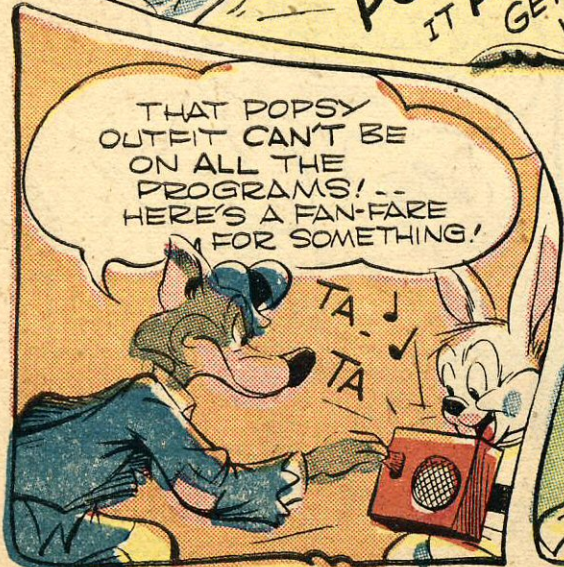
LET'S SEE IF THERE'S SOME GOOD MUSIC--  
AH-H--THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!



WE INTERRUPT THIS MUSICAL INTERLUDE TO BRING YOU--  
YOU KNOW WHAT! HA! HA!--  
YOU GUESSED IT!  
NEWS ABOUT THIS NEW CEREAL--

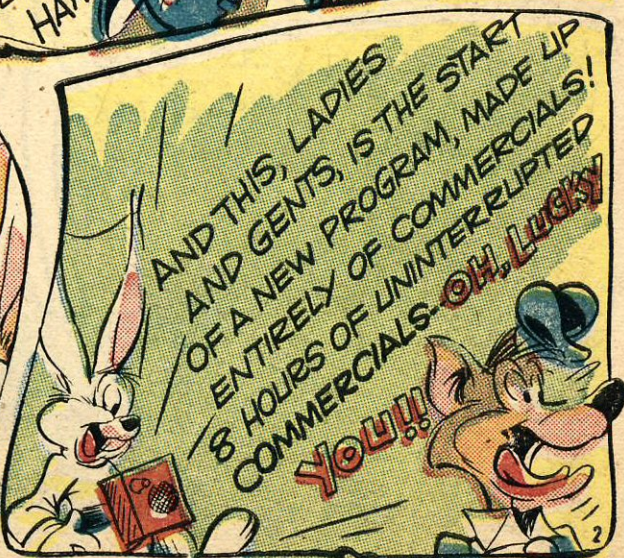
**POPSY!**  
IT POPS, SEE--  
GET IT?  
HAH!

OH, NO!  
TURN THAT OFF!!



THAT POPSY OUTFIT CAN'T BE ON ALL THE PROGRAMS!--  
HERE'S A FAN-FARE FOR SOMETHING!

TA-  
TA



AND THIS, LADIES AND GENTS, IS THE START OF A NEW PROGRAM, MADE UP ENTIRELY OF UNINTERRUPTED 8 HOURS OF COMMERCIALS--  
**OH, LUCKY YOU!!!**



AND NOW A WORD  
FOR **POPSY**-A  
BRAND-NEW,  
SEN-SA-SHUNAL  
CEREAL WITH-

TURN IT  
OFF!

ONE MORE THING,  
FOLKS-POPSY  
NOT ONLY--

GOOD  
RIDDANCE!

GOSH! FROM WHAT  
THEY SAY, THAT  
POPSY MUST BE  
SURE GOOD--LET'S  
BUY A BOX OF IT,  
HUH, DUKE?

IF YOU  
MENTION THAT  
NAME JUST  
ONCE MORE---

JUST ONCE  
MORE--

WELL, WELL,  
WELL--NOW  
THAT LOOKS  
LIKE AN  
INTELLIGENT  
GENT! - HEY,  
YOU WITH THE  
LONG TAIL!

SOMETHING?

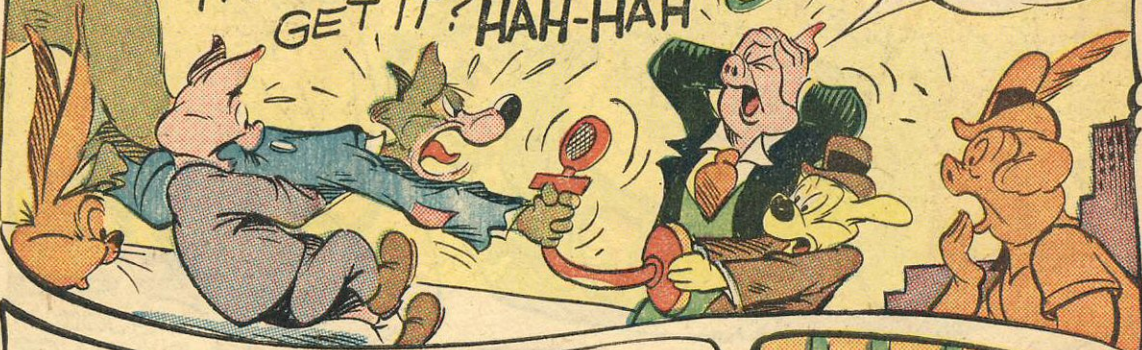
YES, FRIEND--I'M  
THE MAN IN THE  
STREET, SIR, ASKING  
IF YOU'VE TRIED  
THAT NEW, SUPER-  
DELICIOUS CEREAL,  
**POPSY**!--YOU HAVE?  
CARE TO SAY A  
FEW  
WORDS?

**SURE! EAT THEM!**  
**EVERYBODY'S GOTTA**  
**DIE! WHY NOT**  
**SHOVE OFF QUICKER**  
**WITH**  
**POPSY?**



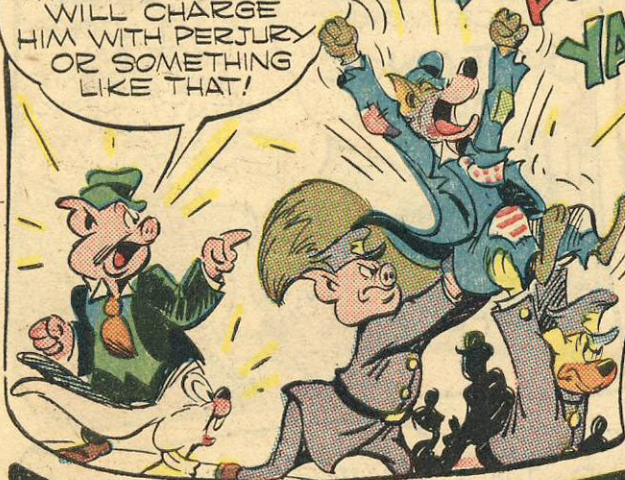
DON'T SAY CEREAL!  
SAY **POPSY**. THEY POP, SEE?  
THAT'S A JOKE! DO YUH  
GET IT? HAH-HAH!

GOOD HEAVENS!  
20 MILLION  
PEOPLE ARE HOOKED  
ONTO THIS NET-  
WORK!



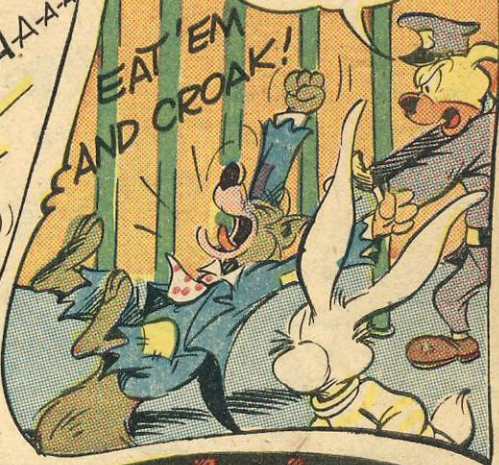
TAKE THAT  
GLY TO JAIL!  
THE POPSY COMPANY  
WILL CHARGE  
HIM WITH PERJURY  
OR SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT!

**UPSY  
DUPSY  
POPSY!!**  
YA-AA-AA

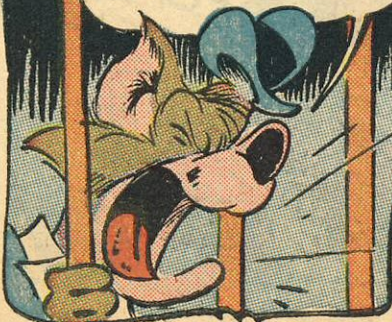


COOL OFF,  
CHUM!

EAT 'EM  
AND CROAK!

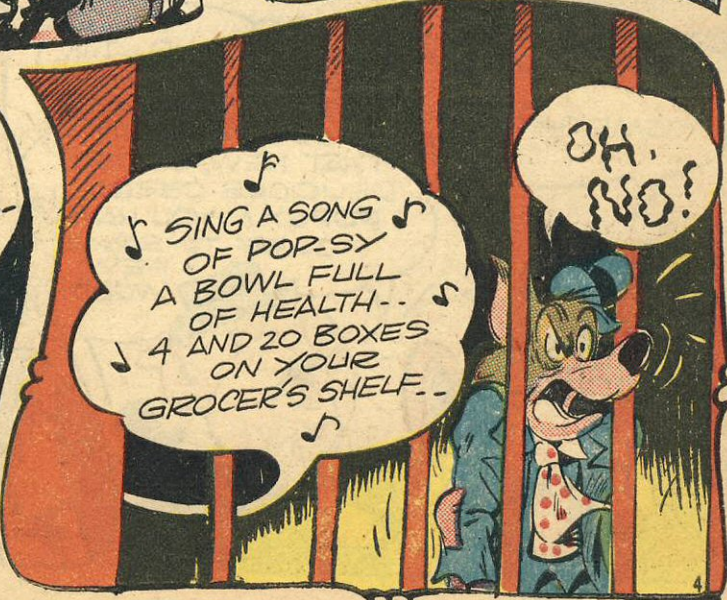


LEM-ME OUT  
OF HERE!!  
LEM-ME--

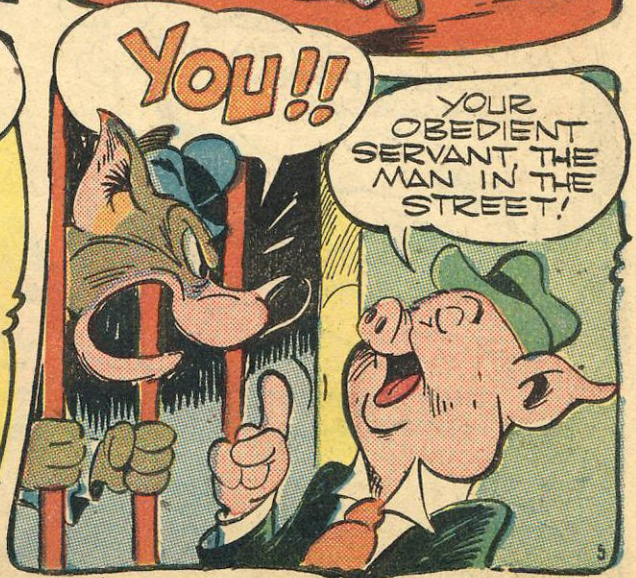
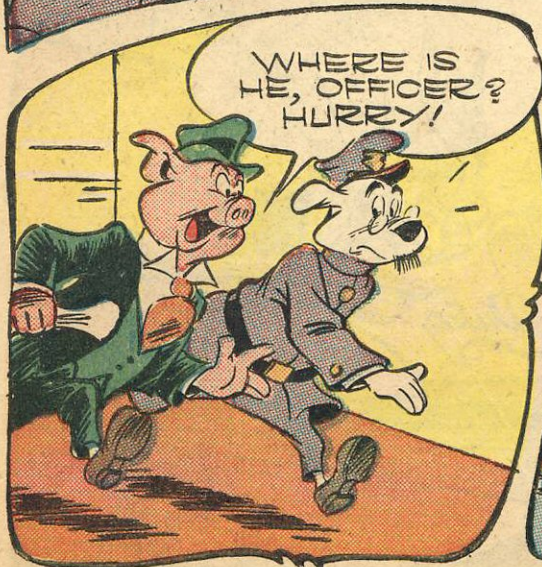
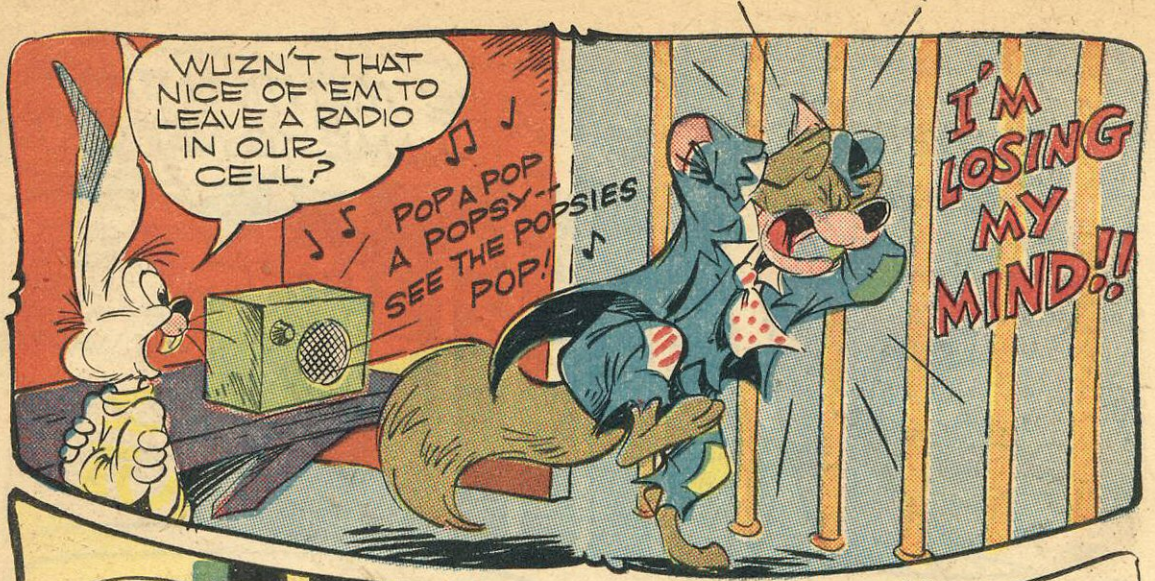


♪ SING A SONG ♪  
OF POP-SY ♪  
A BOWL FULL  
OF HEALTH-- ♪  
♪ 4 AND 20 BOXES ♪  
ON YOUR  
GROCER'S SHELF-- ♪

OH,  
NO!

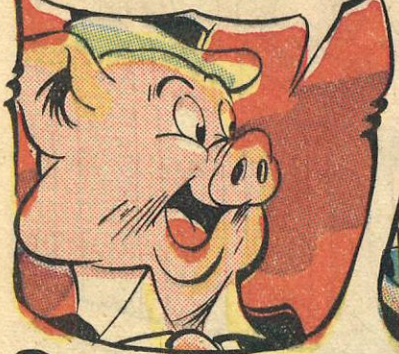








NOW WHAT WAS  
IT YOU SAID ABOUT  
MY PRODUCT--  
POPSY?



YOU DARE MENTION THAT  
NAME TO ME! YOU--



YOU'RE  
GREAT!  
YES, YOU'RE  
JUST WHAT  
WE WANT!

HUH??

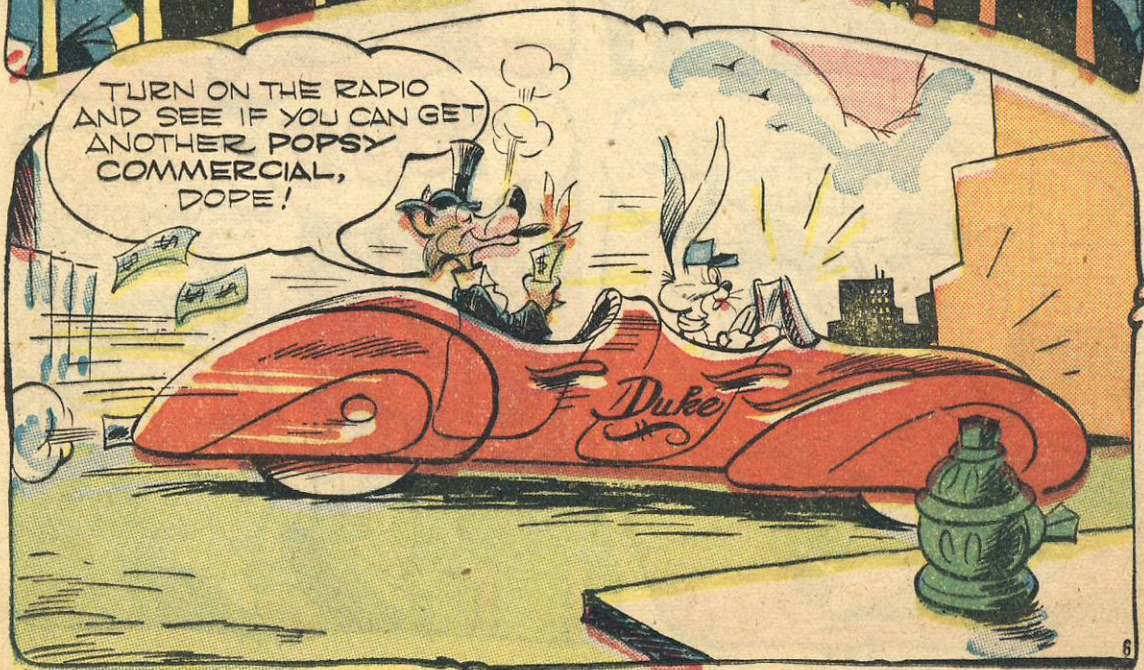
SINCE THAT  
PROGRAM THIS  
AFTERNOON, THE  
POPSY SALES HAVE  
DOUBLED--YOU  
BROUGHT A NEW  
KIND OF HUMOR TO  
COMMERCIALS THAT  
FOLKS GO FOR!



SO NOW THE POPSY CO.  
WANT TO ENGAGE YOU ON A  
LONG CONTRACT TO SCREAM  
OVER THE MICROPHONE  
EVERY DAY-- WHAT WOULD  
YOU SAY TO \$30,000 00  
A YEAR?



TURN ON THE RADIO  
AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET  
ANOTHER POPSY  
COMMERCIAL,  
DOPE!





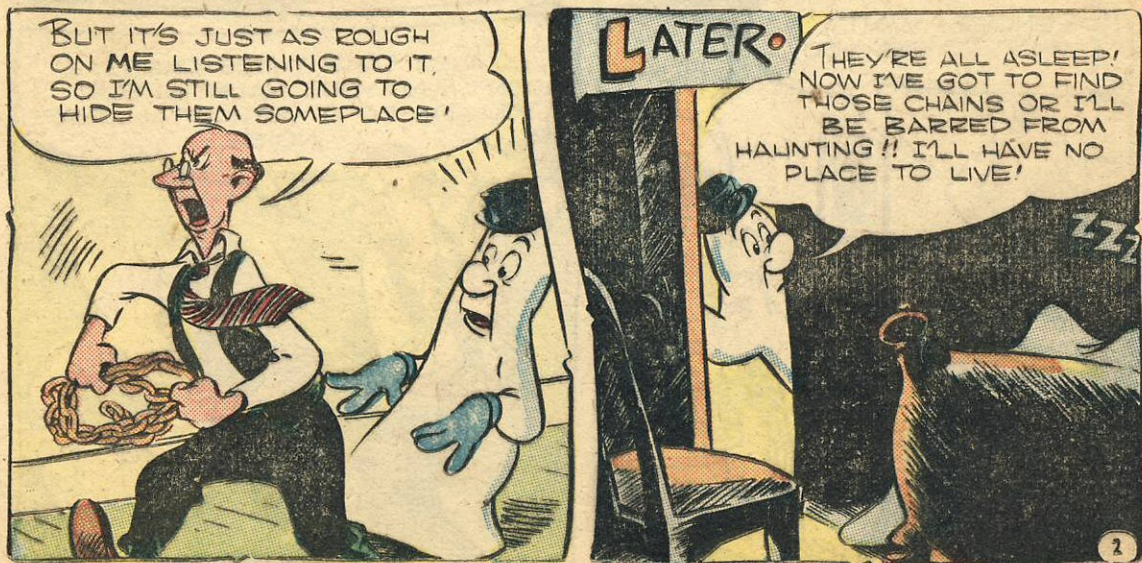
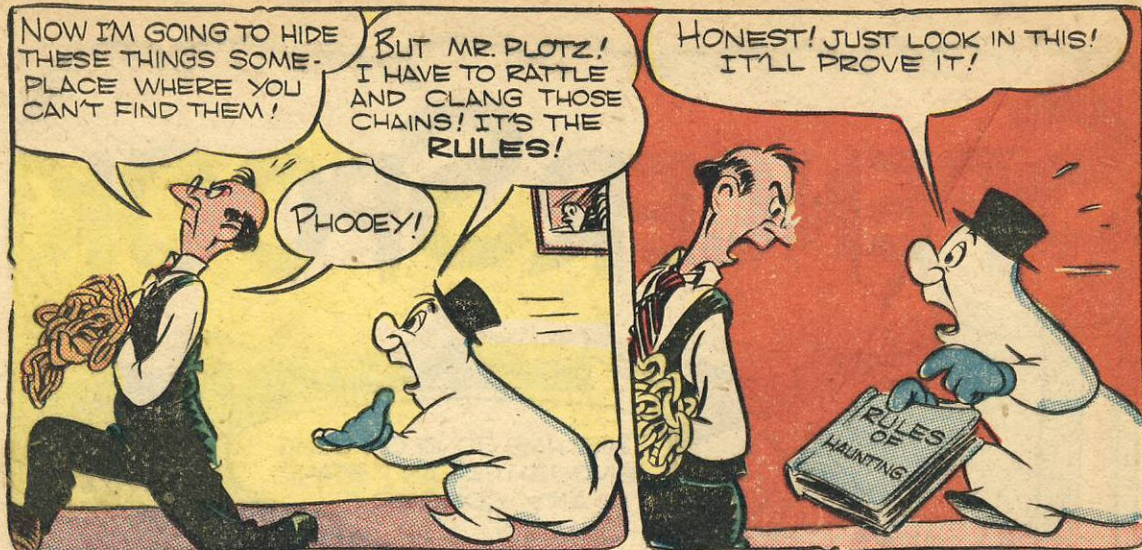
THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER!

CLANG! CLANG!

НУН?

I'LL JUST TAKE THESE CHAINS! I DON'T MIND YOUR HAUNTING, BUT YOU CAN DO IT WITHOUT ALL THAT NOISE!







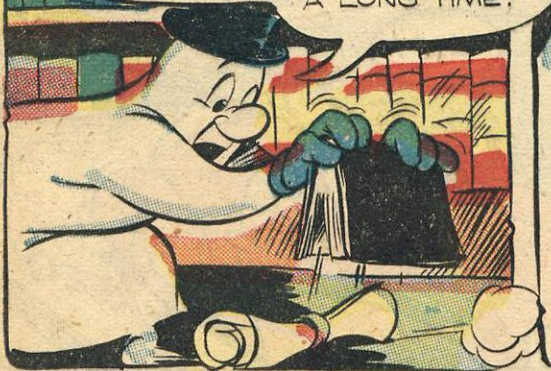
I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER THE HOUSE  
AND NO-- HM? WONDER IF HE  
MIGHT HAVE HIDDEN 'EM BEHIND  
THOSE BOOKS UP THERE! HE  
NEVER TOUCHES THAT TOP  
SHELF! IT WOULD BE JUST  
THE PLACE!



I'LL JUST FEEL BACK  
-- OOPS!



DARN! I WOULD KNOCK A BOOK DOWN!  
I HOPE IT DIDN'T AWAKEN THEM! HM!  
WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A  
DOCUMENT OF SOME KIND!  
CERTAINLY IS DUSTY! MUST HAVE  
BEEN UP THERE  
A LONG TIME!



WHY, IT'S AN OLD WILL--AND IT  
LEAVES A WHOLE  
TOWN TO ME!

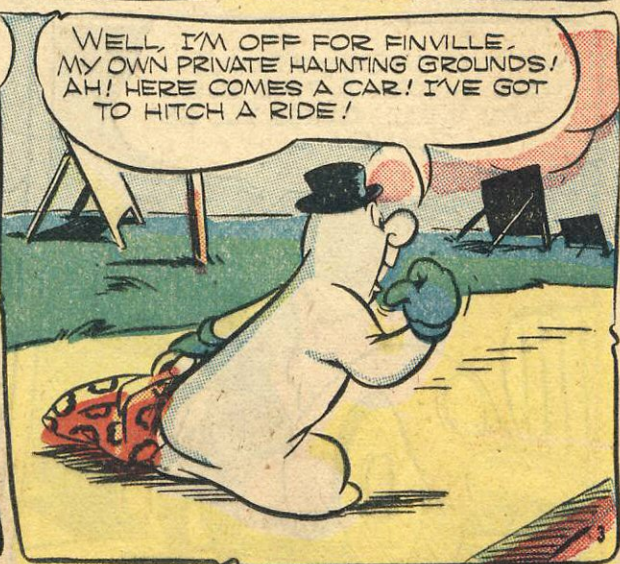


*Last will and testament:*  
To my distant cousin  
Spencer, I bequeath  
the whole town of Finville  
which I built and own--  
lofty, stock and barrel  
Signed -  
Ebenezer Plotz  
April 8, 1848  
P.O. Finville is 12 miles  
West of Hope Center  
E.P.

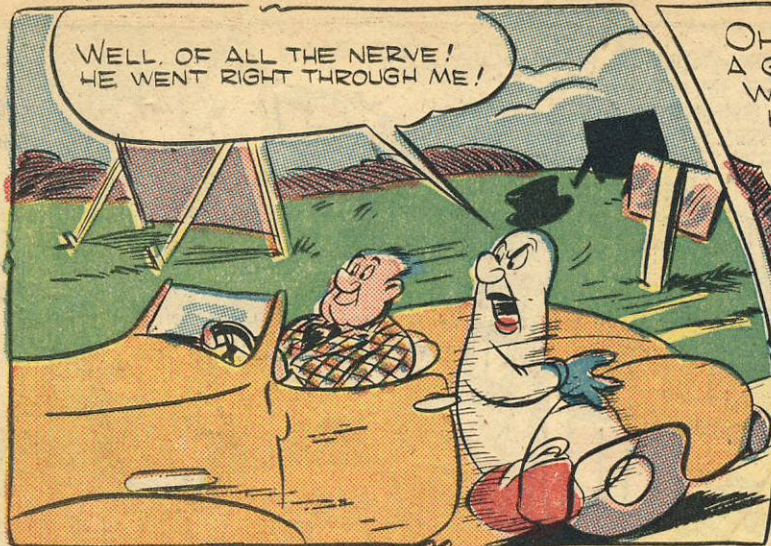
I DON'T NEED THOSE CHAINS NOW!  
I OWN A WHOLE TOWN OF MY OWN!  
I CAN HAUNT THE WHOLE THING!  
WOW! RATTLE ALL THE CHAINS I  
WANT! I'M MY OWN BOSS!



WELL, I'M OFF FOR FINVILLE,  
MY OWN PRIVATE HAUNTING GROUNDS!  
AH! HERE COMES A CAR! I'VE GOT  
TO HITCH A RIDE!

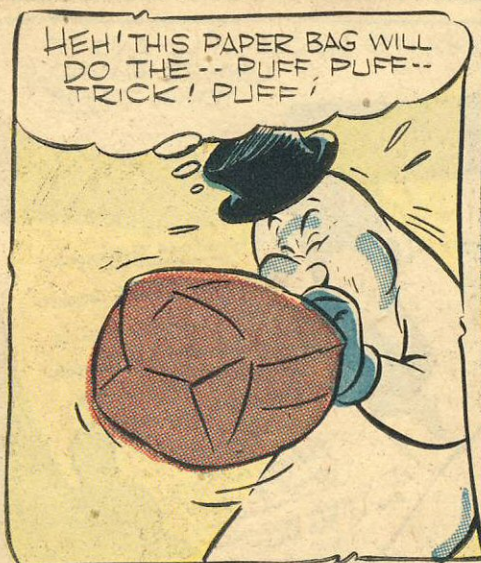
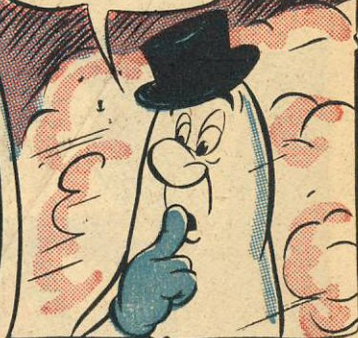




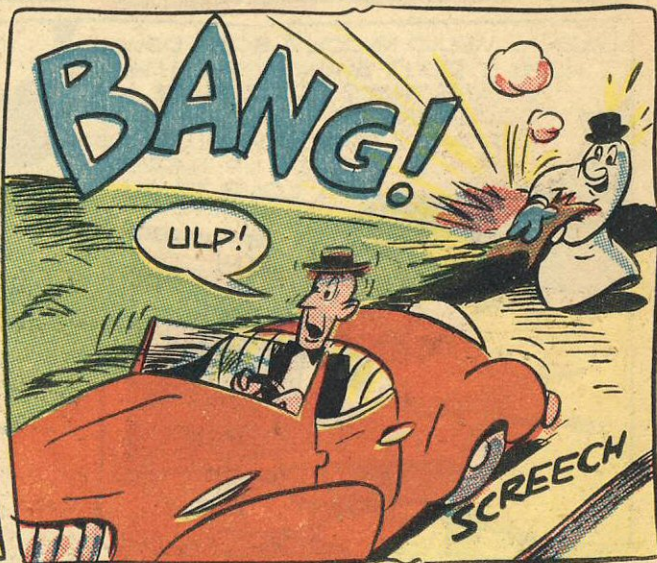


WELL, OF ALL THE NERVE!  
HE WENT RIGHT THROUGH ME!

OH, OH, I FORGOT I WAS  
A GHOST! NATURALLY HE  
WOULDN'T STOP- EVEN IF  
HE'D SEEN ME! WELL,  
I'LL GET A RIDE SOME  
OTHER WAY!



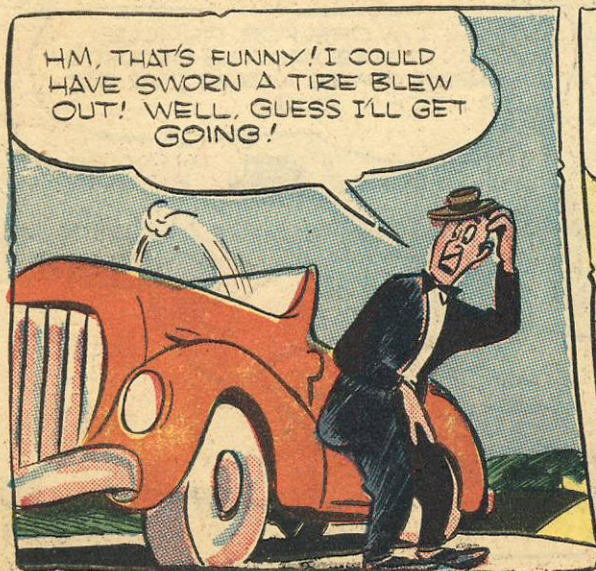
HEH! THIS PAPER BAG WILL  
DO THE -- PUFF, PUFF --  
TRICK! PUFF!



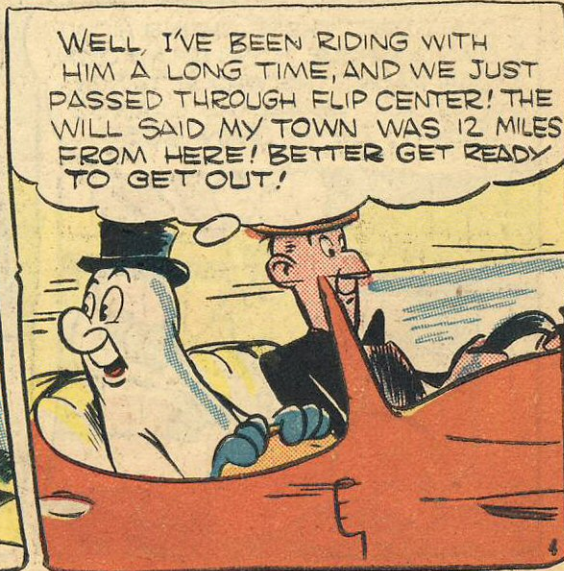
**BANG!**

ULP!

**SCREECH**

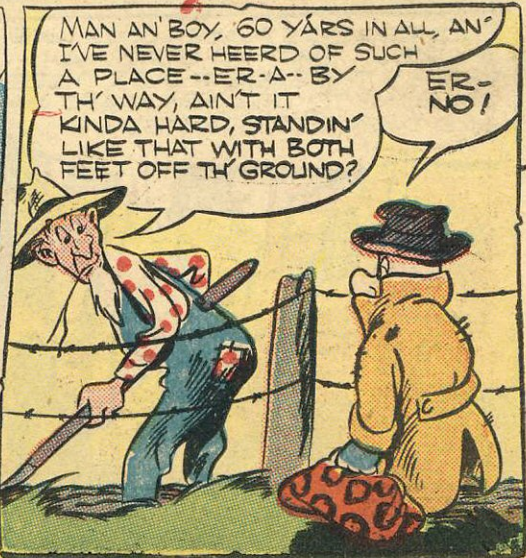
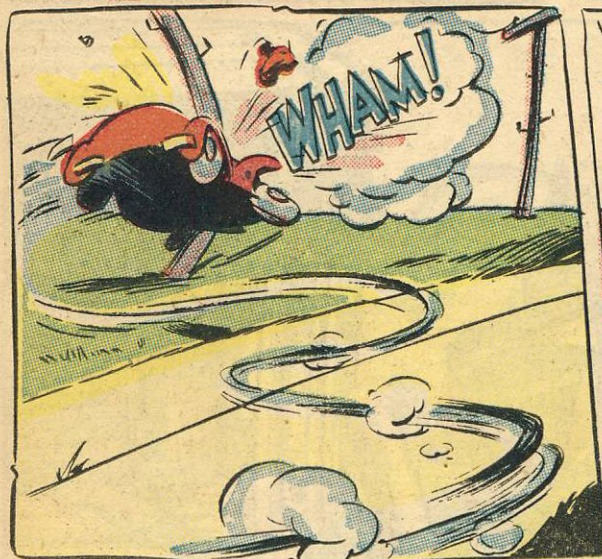
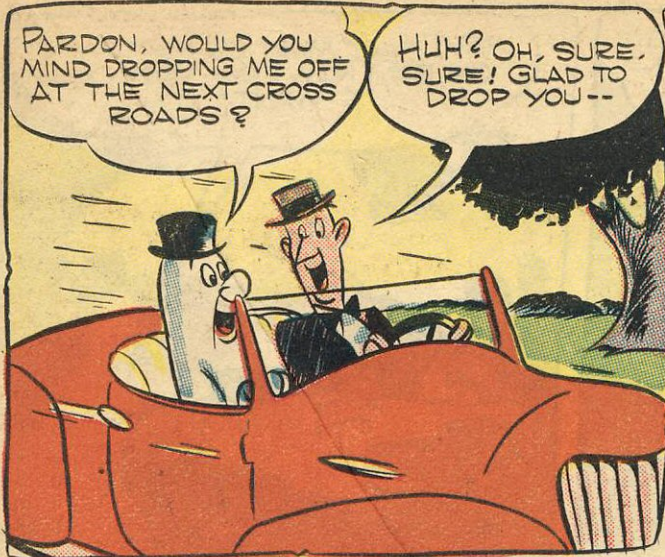


HM, THAT'S FUNNY! I COULD  
HAVE SWORN A TIRE BLEW  
OUT! WELL, GUESS I'LL GET  
GOING!

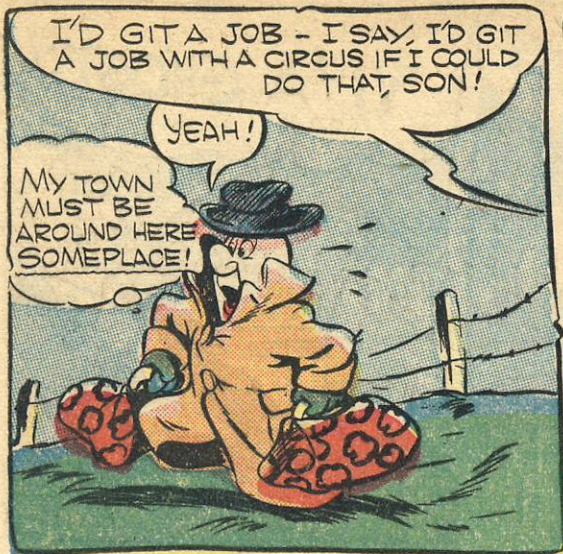


WELL, I'VE BEEN RIDING WITH  
HIM A LONG TIME, AND WE JUST  
PASSED THROUGH FLIP CENTER! THE  
WILL SAID MY TOWN WAS 12 MILES  
FROM HERE! BETTER GET READY  
TO GET OUT!









I'D GIT A JOB - I SAY, I'D GIT A JOB WITH A CIRCUS IF I COULD DO THAT, SON!

YEAH!

MY TOWN MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE!



HEY! THAT MUST BE MY TOWN! OH, BOY! NOW I CAN HAUNT ALL I WANT!



HM! IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THINGS ARE EXACTLY BOOMING HERE IN FINVILLE, BUT ANYWAY, I CAN HAUNT EVERYBODY IN TOWN WITH MY RATTLING CHAINS, AND THEY CAN'T SAY A WORD!

**I OWN IT!**



THIS RED EYE'S PLACE LOOKS LIKE A LIKELY SPOT TO START- AH. THERE'S THE SHERIFF OVER THERE! I'M GOING TO TELL HIM WHAT I AM, AND THEN GET STARTED!

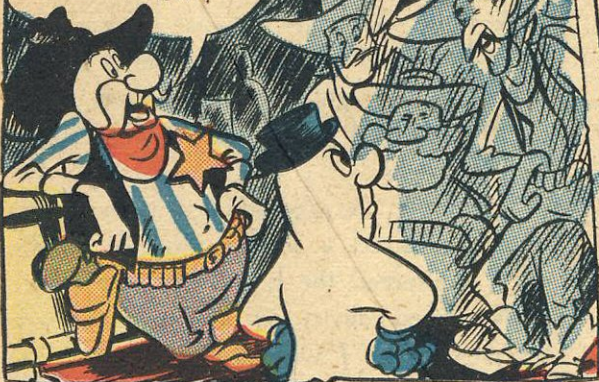


YA SAY YER A GHOST AND YA OWN THIS HERE TOWN AND INTEND TO HAUNT EVERYONE IN IT JUST AS YA PLEASE? HAW! HO! THAT'S A HOT ONE! BOYS, COME HERE!



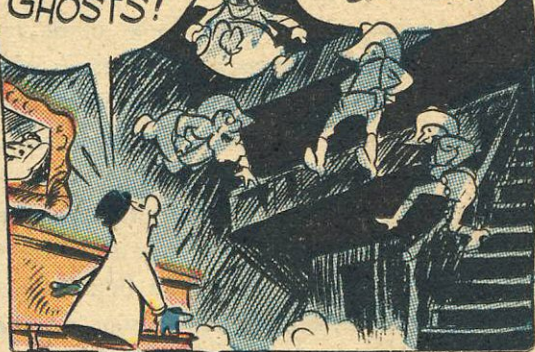
THIS HERE'S SPENCER SPOOK, A GHOST!  
SAYS HE'S COME OUT HERE  
TO BE THE EXCLUSIVE  
HAUNTIN' AGENT!  
SHALL WE SHOW  
'IM?

YEH!



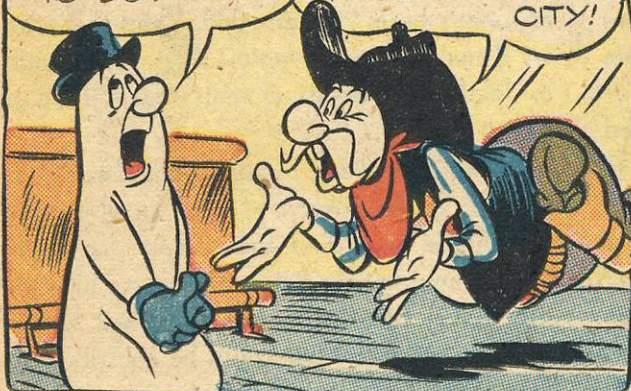
YIPE!  
YOU'RE-  
YOU'RE ALL  
GHOSTS!

YUP! AN' THIS IS A GHOST  
TOWN, SON! IN FACT, THERE  
HASN'T BEEN A LIVIN' SOUL  
AROUND HERE SINCE  
1849! WE ALL  
WIPED EACH OTHER  
OUT IN A GUN  
BATTLE!



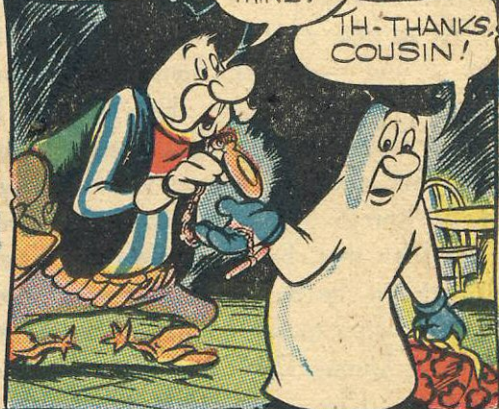
A GHOST TOWN!  
AND NOTHING BUT  
GHOSTS IN IT! I  
CAN'T HAUNT HERE!  
WHAT AM I GOING  
TO DO?

SORRY, PARD, BUT  
WE ALL HAVE BEEN  
HANGIN' AROUND HYAR  
FOR NIGH ONTA 100  
Y'ARS, WAITIN' TA GIT  
A HAUNTIN' JOB IN TH'  
CITY!

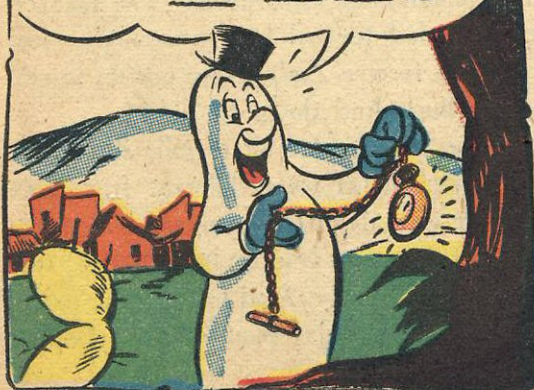


IT SO HAPPENS I'M YOUR COUSIN  
EBENEZER, AN' TA SHOW YA I'M  
SORRY YA DIDN'T GIT TH' TOWN, I  
WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS WATCH OF  
MINE!

TH-THANKS,  
COUSIN!

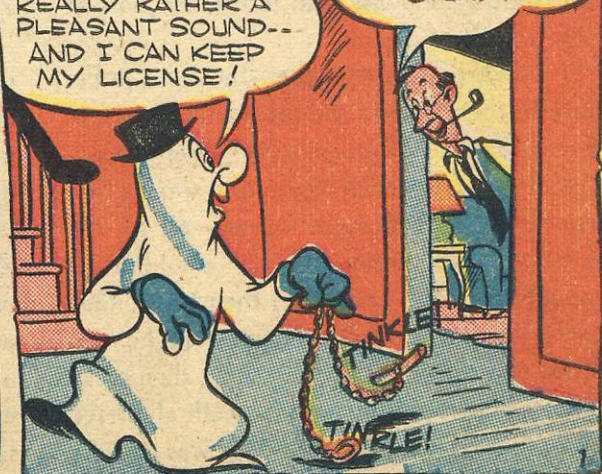


NOW, I HAVEN'T ANY PLACE TO HAUNT!  
I CAN'T GO BACK TO MR. PLOTZ!  
HE HID MY CHAINS, AND IF I DON'T  
RATTLE CHAINS, THE HEAD GHOST  
WILL MAKE ME STOP HAUNTING!  
AND -- WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!



I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D  
MIND, MR. PLOTZ! IT'S  
REALLY RATHER A  
PLEASANT SOUND--  
AND I CAN KEEP  
MY LICENSE!

PERFECTLY OKAY,  
SPENCE! PERFECTLY  
OKAY!





# Those JAIL-BIRD STRIPES

THE price of mules was terribly high—which was why Farmer Goat made his strange purchase. It was a tame zebra, who could do everything a mule could do—and his price was low because nobody seemed to want him!

The barnyard folk at Farmer Goat's farm didn't want him, either. He was different—they'd never seen anything like him before. So they scorned the company of poor Zip the Zebra, sneering at his unaccustomed stripes. It was a lonely life for Zip, but he made the best of it, longing for the day when he'd be accepted by the other animals, and welcomed as one of them.

But as time went on, they paid less attention to him than ever. Something far more important was occupying their interests. For Bruiser Bear, the killer, had recently escaped from jail, and was known to be hiding in Leafy Forest, which adjoined their farm. More than that, he was conducting a series of raids on the barnyard, each time seizing another victim to satisfy his savage appetite. Already Danny Duck had met his doom—and Packy Pig—and Chiquita Chicken! The police were powerless to find him. Small wonder, then, that the animals on Farmer Goat's farm were paralyzed with terror, for no one knew who'd be next!

It worried Zip Zebra too—the more so because he didn't even have the comfort of company. He was left severely to himself. Why, at that very moment, there he was in the pasture alone, with night falling—all for the reason that the other animals wouldn't let him return to the barn with them! No, they didn't like his ridiculous stripes, so he was forced to wait until they departed, then make his way homeward alone. His teeth chattered as he plodded toward the barn. It was awfully

dark—and who knew but that Bruiser Bear might be about? His heart jumped at a slight sound—at the sight of a bulky figure creeping from behind a bush! It—it was Bruiser Bear himself!

Expecting a savage attack, Zip the Zebra instead received a jolting surprise. "Hiya, pal!" whispered the bear, who was attired in the striped convict suit in which he'd made his jail-break. "I wuz just gonna jump ya when I noticed those stripes—so I knew you wuz an escaped prisoner too! Woddeya say we join up, huh?"

Zip tried to stutter out an answer, but the big bear cut him short. "We're goin' ta Farmer Goat's barn," he growled, "and this time we'll make a *real cleanup*! With your back to load them dumb animals on, it'll be a cinch!"

So off they went, because poor Zip Zebra was too terror-stricken to offer an objection. Up to the barn door they crept. Zip knew that he couldn't do this, even to save his own life. True, the folk of the barnyard hadn't been nice to him—but could he contribute to their doom?

"Now!" snarled Bruiser Bear, as he flung the barn door open. And in that moment, Zip summoned his courage—and acted! "Hee-haw!" he brayed, startling the imperilled animals into wakefulness. The amazed bear wheeled toward him menacingly—just in time to receive Zip's flying hooves square in the chin! And down he went!

Bruiser was hauled off to jail, and as for Zip—well, things were different from then on! The animals of the barnyard hailed him as their savior, and you can be sure that never again was he lonely. And to this day, stripes are the most popular things around Farmer Goat's property!



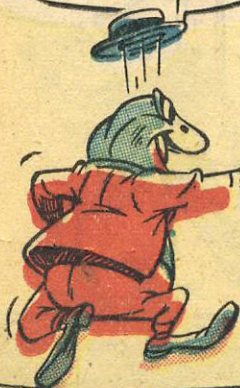
# FREMONT FROG



GOSH! I'VE  
BEEN STONE BROKE  
FOR A WEEK NOW!  
I'VE BORROWED FROM  
EVERYONE -- AND THEY  
WON'T LEND ME ANY  
MORE! I'LL **STARVE!**

JACK  
BRADBURY

**EUREKA!**  
THIS IS IT!!  
I SHALL BEGIN  
A CAREER!



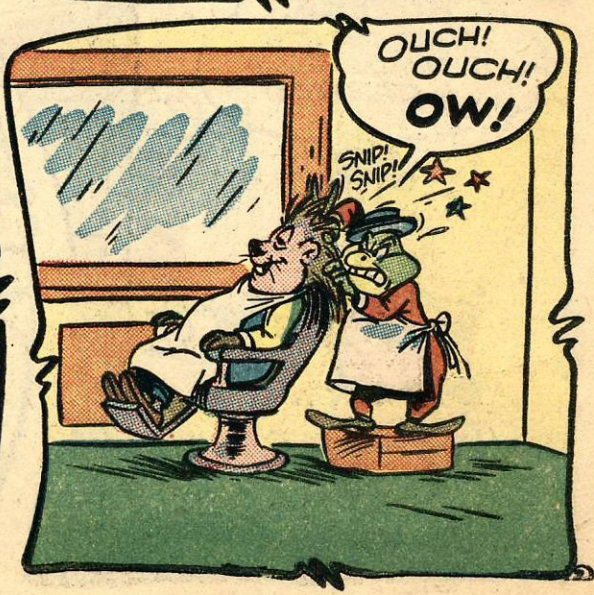
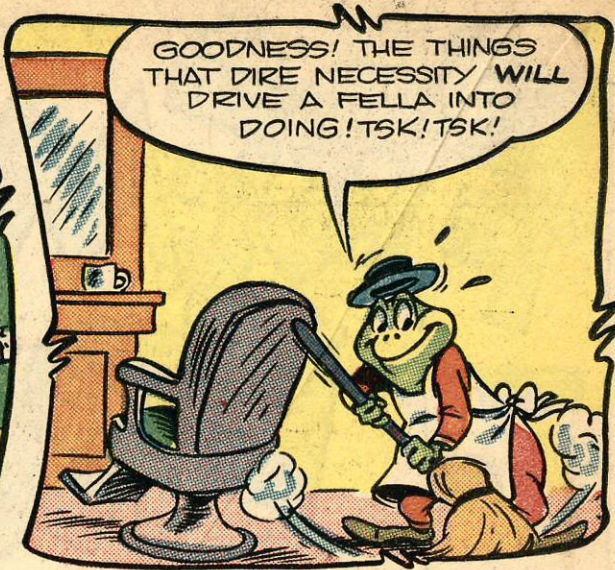
OF COURSE  
I'VE NEVER BEEN  
A BARBER, BUT  
THERE'S NO TIME  
LIKE **NOW** TO  
LEARN!

**BARBERS**

FOR  
RENT









JEEPERS! DO  
THOSE THINGS  
STICK! **WOW!**



PARDON ME, SIR,  
BUT WOULD YOU PLEASE  
TELL ME JUST HOW  
IT WAS CUT  
BEFORE?

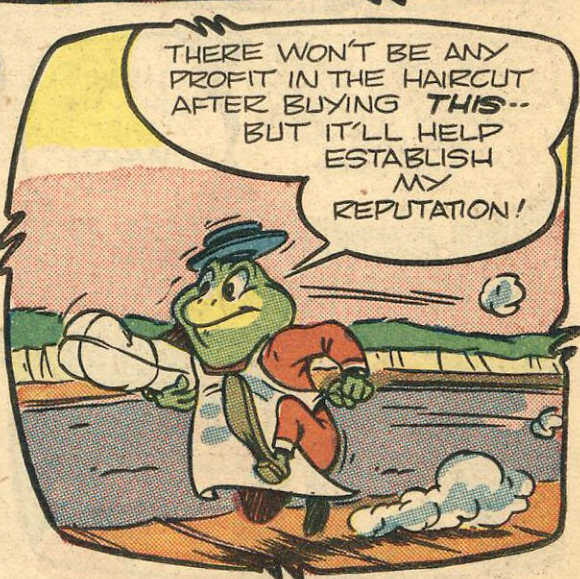


AIN'T  
NEVER HAD  
IT CUT  
BEFORE!

JUST MAKE YOUR-  
SELF COMFORTABLE WHILE  
I RUN UP TO THE  
HARDWARE STORE! WON'T  
BE A SECOND!

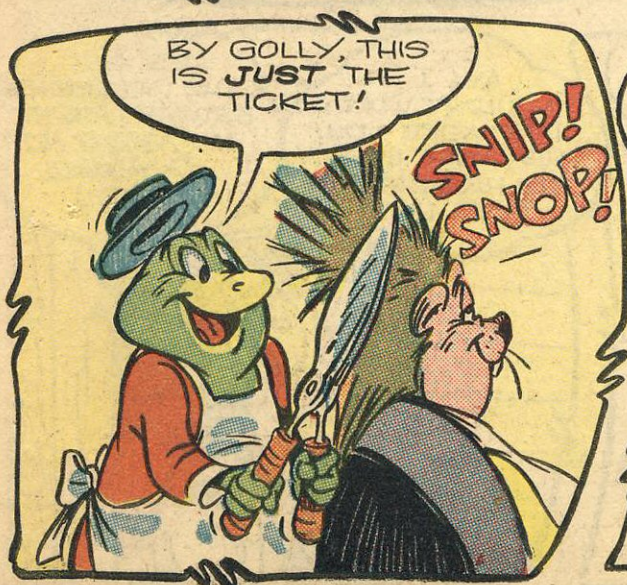


THERE WON'T BE ANY  
PROFIT IN THE HAIRCUT  
AFTER BUYING **THIS**--  
BUT IT'LL HELP  
ESTABLISH  
MY  
REPUTATION!



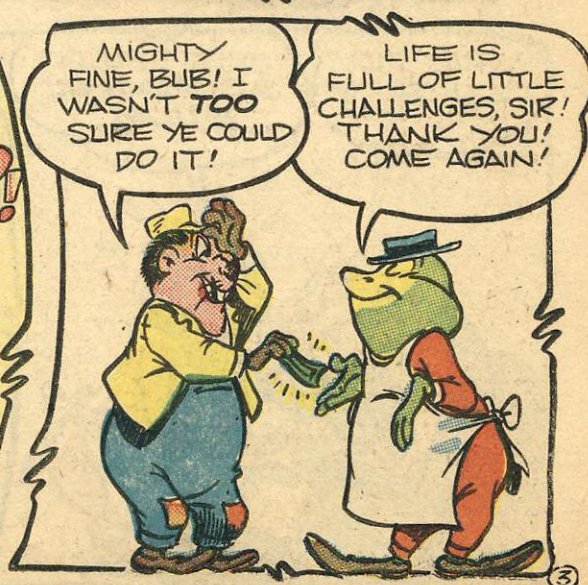
BY GOLLY, THIS  
IS **JUST** THE  
TICKET!

**SNIP!  
SNOP!**



MIGHTY  
FINE, BUB! I  
WASN'T **TOO**  
SURE YE COULD  
DO IT!

LIFE IS  
FULL OF LITTLE  
CHALLENGES, SIR!  
THANK YOU!  
COME AGAIN!





A week passes...

WELL, I'VE BEEN PRETTY BUSY... BUT SO FAR, NEARLY ALL MY CUSTOMERS HAVE BEEN FOLKS I OWED MONEY TO! I'M NOT AHEAD VERY MUCH YET!

AH, HERE COMES A CUSTOMER I **DON'T** OWE MONEY TO!

GOOD DAY TO **YOU**, SIR!

HOWDY! SAY, IT'S MIGHTY GOOD TO HAVE A BARBER IN TOWN AGAIN! THIS SHOP'S BEEN EMPTY A LONG TIME!

YESSIR! EVER SINCE THE MAYOR THREW THE LAST ONE OUT ON HIS EAR!

HUH? UH-- HE DID **WHAT**, SIR?

OL' MAYOR LION IS MIGHTY FUSSY ABOUT THAT MANE OF HIS! TERRIBLE TEMPER, TOO! DIDN'T LIKE THE HAIRCUT HE WAS GETTIN', SO HE UP AN' THREW THAT POOR BARBER **CLEAN OUTA** HERE!

**GULP!**

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

JUST **GULP!** JUST PLAIN OL' **GULP!**

AW, I WOULDN'T WORRY IF I WERE YOU! HE MIGHT LIKE THE HAIRCUT **YOU** GIVE HIM!

YES, BUT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN **MIGHT** AND **MIGHT NOT** IS **AWFUL BIG!**



Days later..

OH, ME!  
WHAT'LL I DO IF  
THE MAYOR EVER COMES IN  
FOR A HAIRCUT? AND HE'S  
SURE TO **SOMETIME!** I KNEW  
THIS WAS TOO GOOD  
TO LAST!



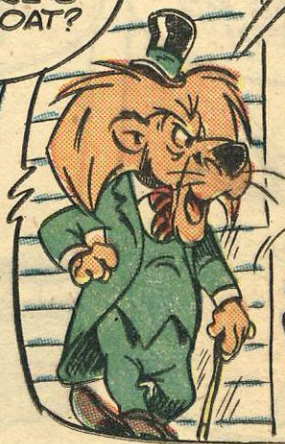
OMYGOODGOLLY!!  
THIS LOOKS LIKE HIM  
COMIN' UP THE STREET  
NOW!



I'D BETTER GET OUTA  
HERE! ALL I CAN DO IS STALL  
FOR TIME, 'TIL I CAN THINK OF  
SOMETHING! **WHERE'S  
MY COAT?**



HERE! WHAT'S  
THIS? CLOSING UP  
SO EARLY?



ER...A--  
**YESSIR!**  
PRESSING  
ENGAGEMENT  
LIP TOWN,  
YOU SEE,  
SIR!



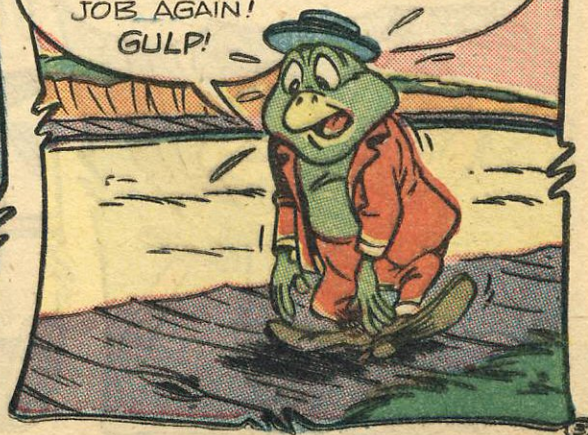
HMF! ALL RIGHT! BUT  
BE BACK AT 10 SHARP  
TOMORROW! I'LL FIND  
OUT FOR **MYSELF** JUST  
WHETHER OR NOT YOU  
ARE CAPABLE OF OPER-  
ATING THIS BARBER  
SHOP!



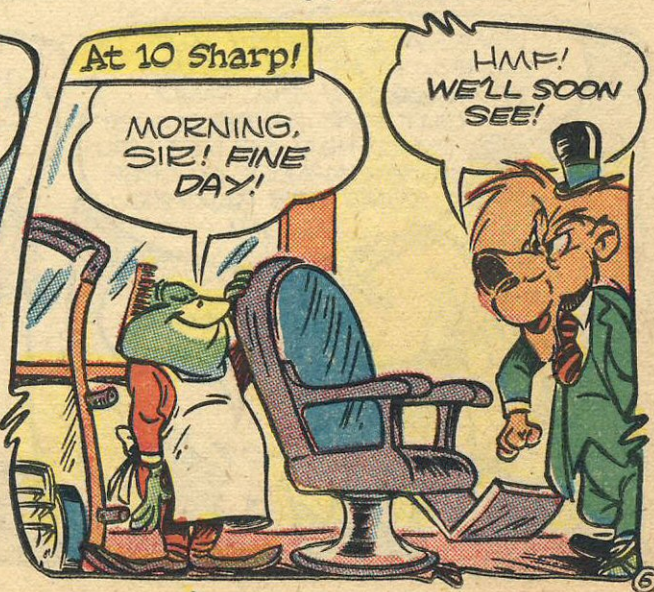
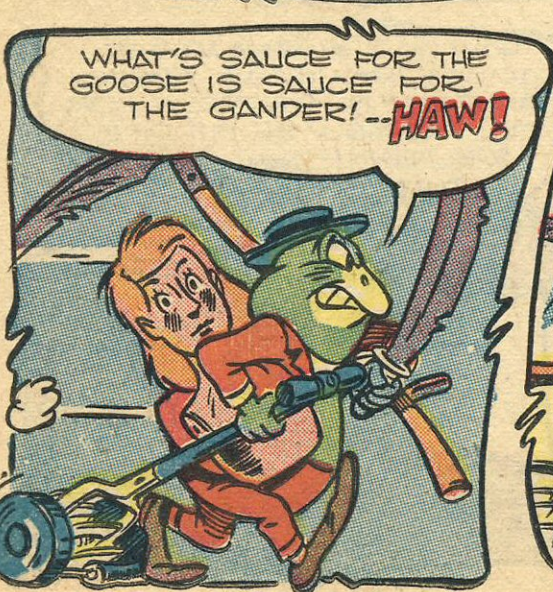
YESSIR!

HOW DO I ALWAYS MANAGE  
TO GET INTO THESE **PREDIC-  
AMENTS?** BY TOMORROW NOW,  
I'LL PROBABLY BE OUT OF A  
JOB AGAIN!

**GULP!**







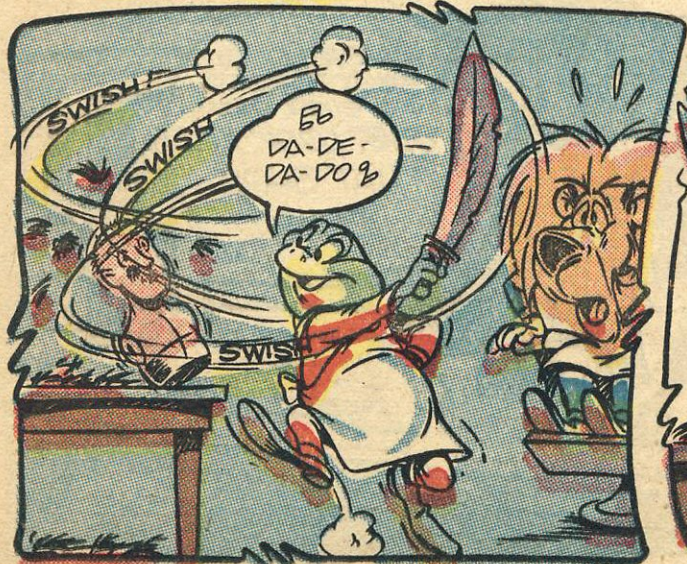
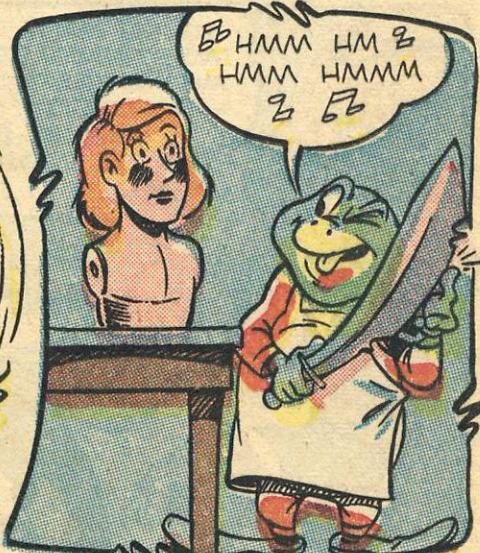
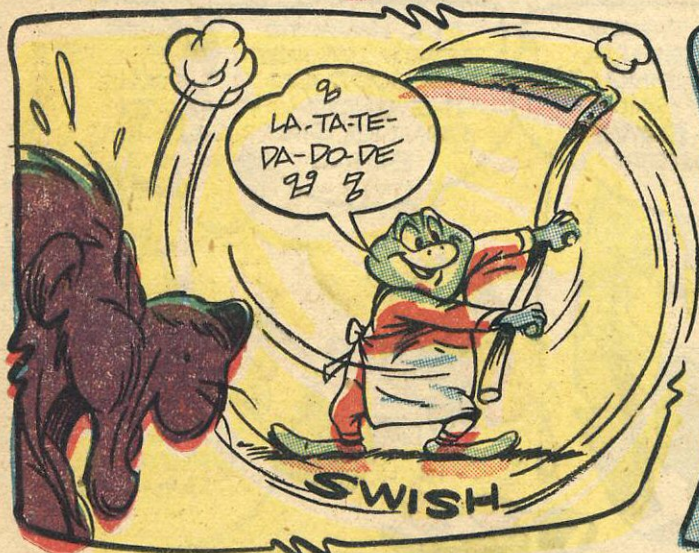


WHAT A  
MAGNIFICENT  
HEAD OF HAIR, SIR!  
PROBABLY TOOK  
YEARS TO GROW TO  
THAT FINE, DIGNIFIED  
LENGTH! IT'S A  
SHAME TO CUT  
IT!

JUST CAN THE REMARKS  
AND CUT MY HAIR!  
I WARN YOU-- IT  
HAD BETTER BE  
GOOD!

THIS IS A **BIGGER** JOB  
THAN I'VE HANDLED IN A  
LONG TIME! I'LL HAVE TO  
WARM UP A BIT!

WHIRRR!  
WHIRRR!





AH, ME! WE ALL MAKE OUR  
LITTLE MISTAKES, DON'T WE?  
HEH! HEH!... LET'S SEE NOW,  
IT WAS A **HAIRCUT** YOU  
WANTED, WASN'T IT,  
SIR?

WHO,  
M-ME?

WHY, I SHOULD SAY **NOT!**  
CUT THIS MANE OF MINE--  
THAT TOOK ME **YEARS** TO  
GROW TO THIS FINE, DIGNIFIED  
LENGTH?  
**PREPOSTEROUS!**

YOUNG MAN! THERE  
MUST HAVE BEEN A  
MISUNDERSTANDING! I  
**DISTINCTLY** SAID IT  
WAS A **SHINE**  
I WANTED!

I'LL HAVE TO  
ADMIT I'M NOT  
TOO GOOD ON  
THE SHOE-  
SHINING, SIR!  
BUT--

**NONSENSE!**  
YOU'RE DOING  
**SPLENDIDLY**,  
MY BOY!

'MORNING,  
YOUR HONOR!  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF THE  
NEW BARBER?

**MARVELOUS!**  
BEST BARBER  
WE EVER HAD!  
JUST LOOK AT  
THAT SHOE  
SHINE!

THE  
END.



# BINKY

YOU'LL EITHER  
HAVE TO STAY  
IN OR STAY OUT,  
BINKY!

ARF

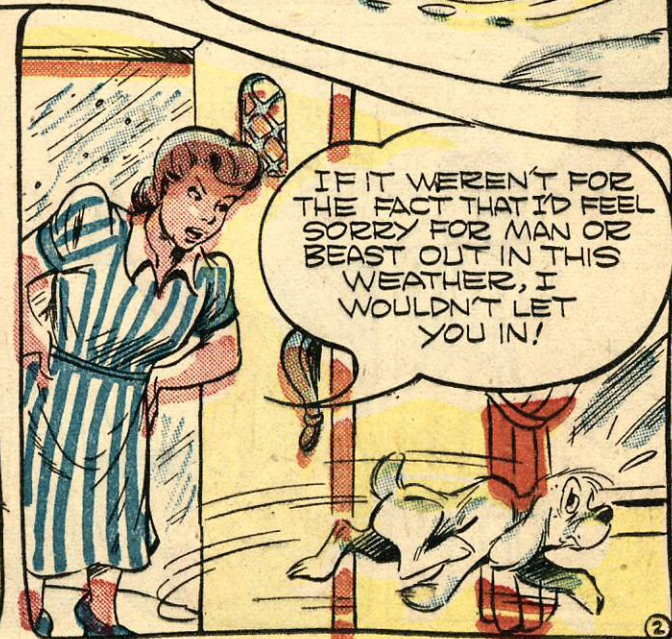
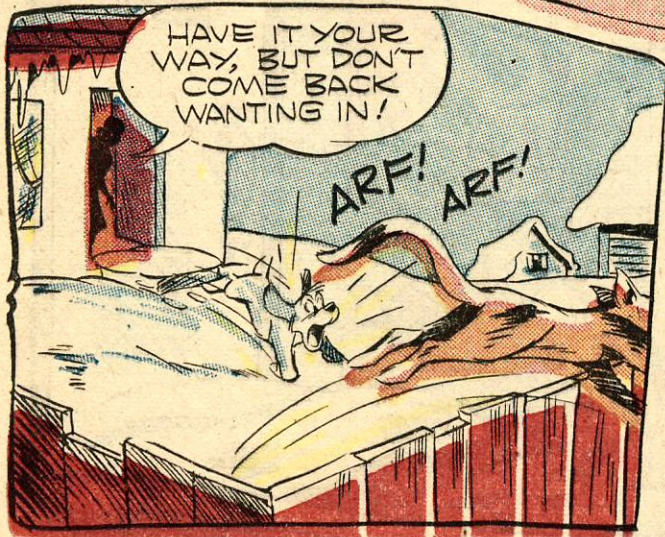
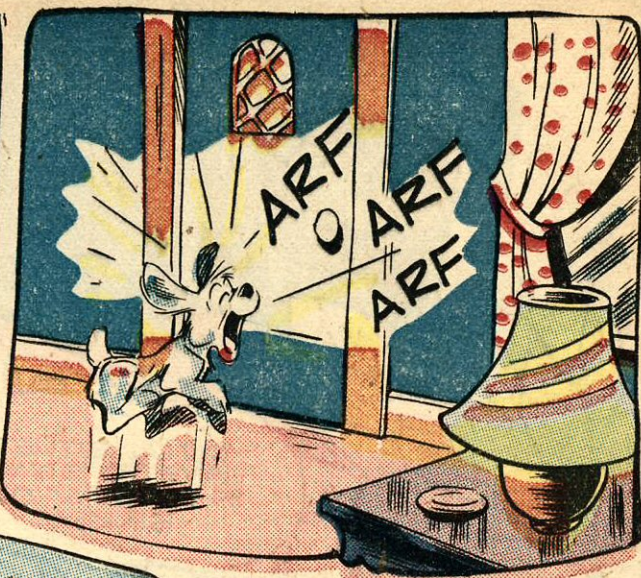
ARF  
ARF

I CAN'T KEEP  
BOtherING WITH  
YOU ALL THE TIME! YOU  
KNOW IT'S TOO COLD  
TO BE OUT, SO BE  
CONTENT TO STAY  
INSIDE!

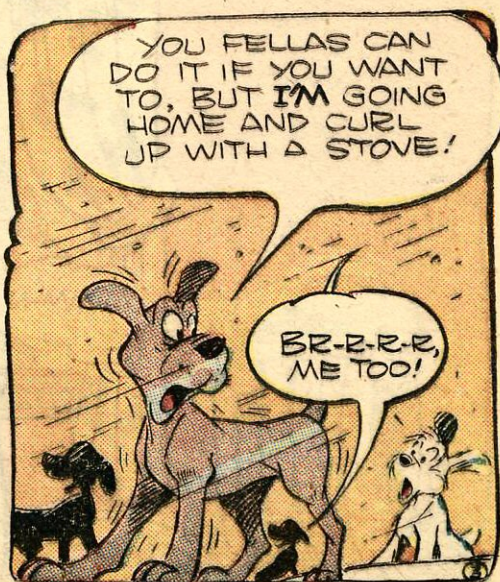
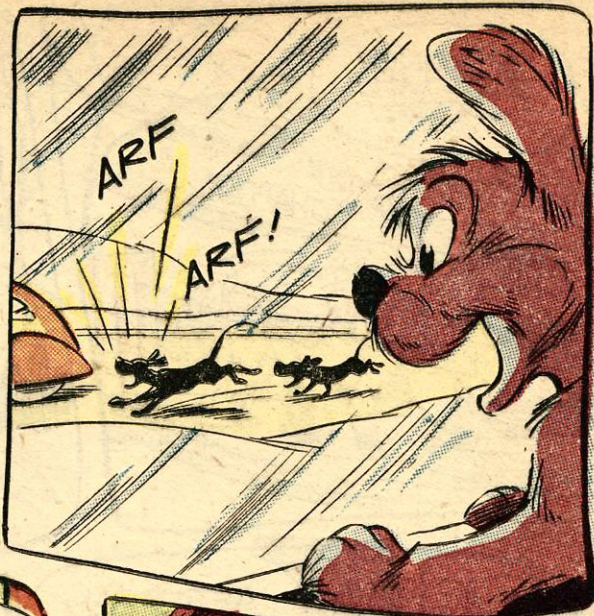
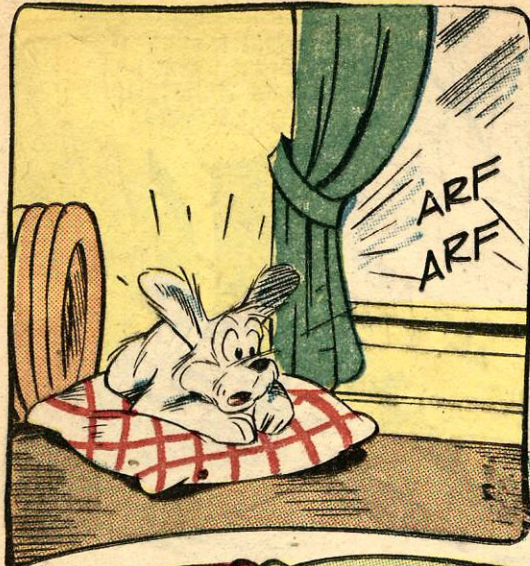
MMM-MNNN

MEOW!

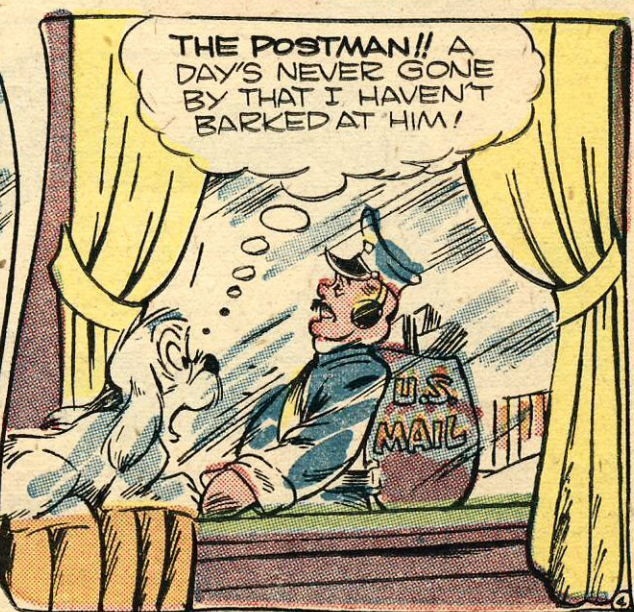
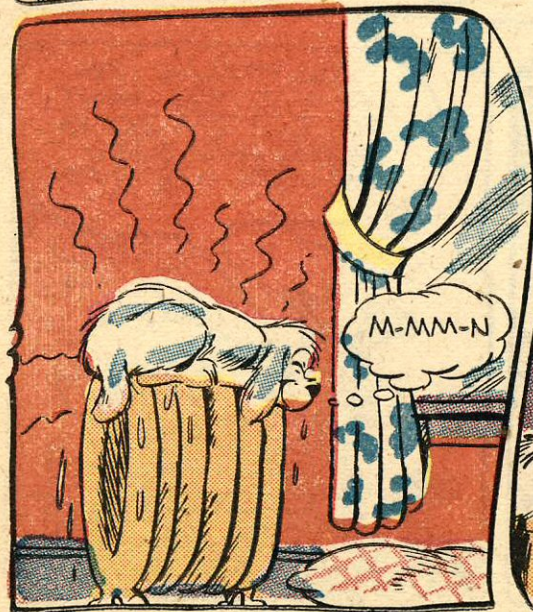
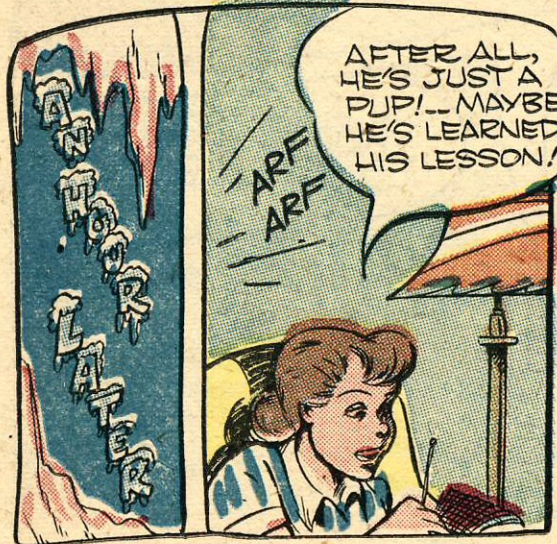
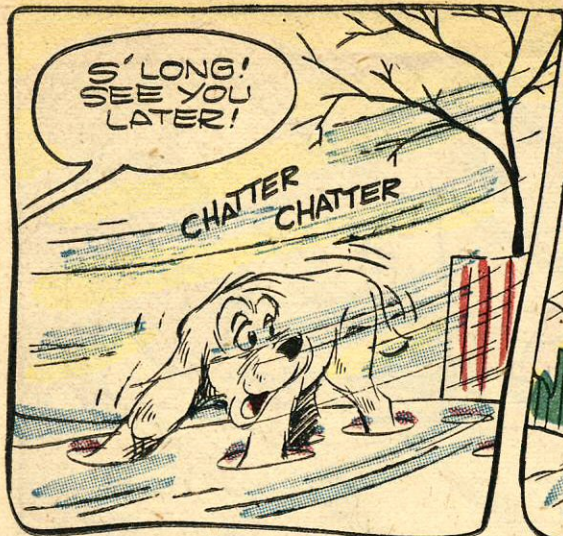




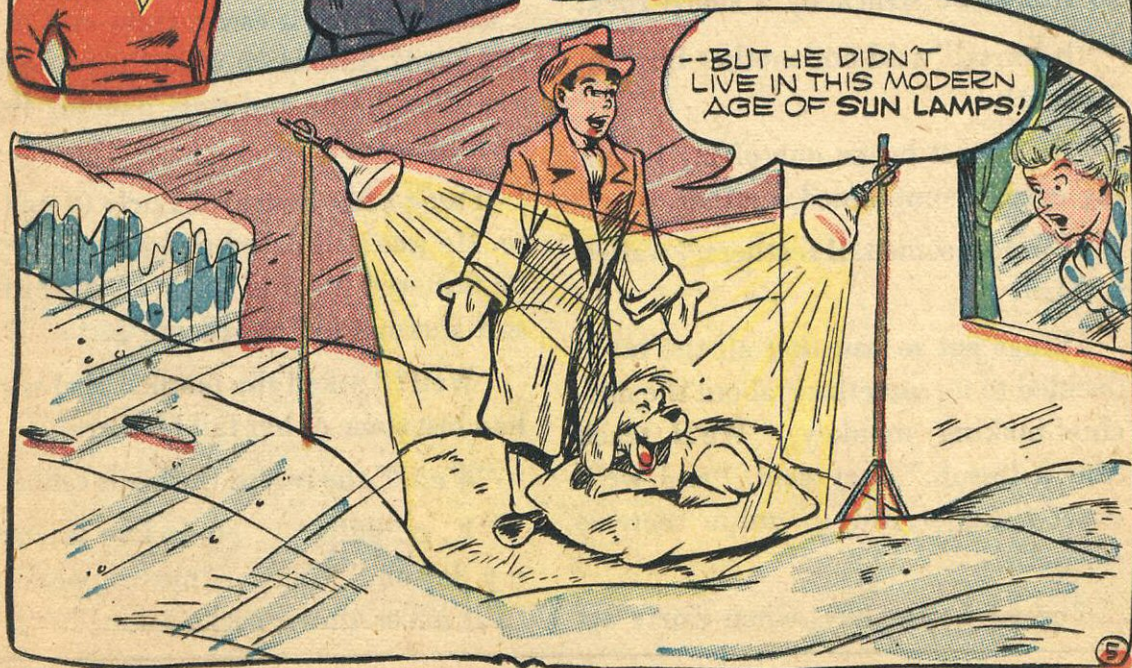
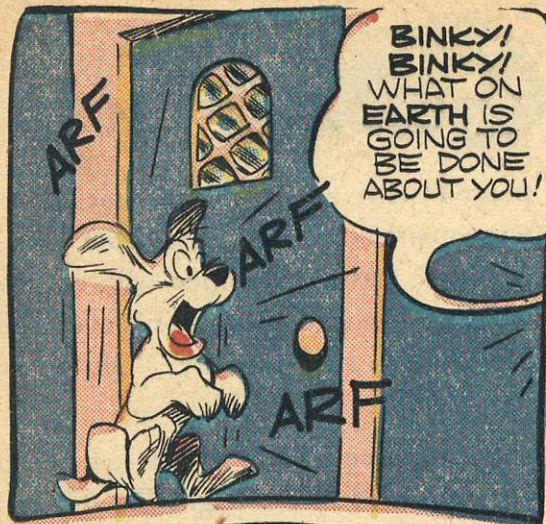














# A Lesson FOR CURLY

CURLY was a mischief-maker, no doubt about it! The little bright-eyed monkey loved to play pranks. Usually, his tricks were pretty harmless and funny, but lately, they had been getting rough.

"Oh, boy, this's *fun!*" Curly exclaimed, heaving a rock at a bird's nest. "Lookit 'er flutter! Wowee! Listen to 'er screech!"

Throwing rocks at the birds was Curly's latest idea of a good time. "I love ta see 'em shoot outta the nests!" he chortled. "Boy, ya'd think they had a hotfoot, the way they fly right up an' hafta leave the eggs unpertected! Whatta joke!"

The birds, however, didn't think much of Curly's joke. To them, it was no fun to be struck by a sharp rock.

"It hurts!" said one mother bird indignantly.

"He almost broke one of my hatching eggs," complained another.

"I've lost some tail feathers," wailed a third.

Things got so bad that all the birds decided to do something about the mischief-making monkey. "We'll teach him a lesson," they said, "and we'll do it *together*, for in union there is strength!"

The very next day, when Curly ap-

peared with an armful of rocks, he was surprised to find no mother birds on their nests. "Wonder where they went to," he said, shading his eyes and looking up into the sky. "Oh, *there* they are!"

Sure enough, right above him was a formation of birds. Right above him!

"Hmm, wonder what they're holding," Curly said.

All the birds seemed to be hanging on to some huge object and holding it 'way up in the air. Curly couldn't quite make out what it was.

"It looks like . . . like a . . . like . . ." he was starting to guess, when all the birds answered him at once.

"It's a *rock!*" they shouted, and let go of it.

*Crash!* Down it came, right on Curly's head! And down went Curly, with a million lights and stars dancing before his eyes!

It took a few hours for Curly to come to. He was still dazed and achey when he fluttered his eyes open, to see himself surrounded by all the birds.

"Well?" asked the mother bird who had lost some of her tail feathers.

"*Well?*" the rest of the birds echoed.

"I . . . gulp . . . guess I've learned my lesson," Curly admitted weakly. "I'll *never* throw rocks again!"



# WITCH HAZEL

I RAN OUT OF POWDERED  
LIZARD LEGS FOR MY  
NEW FORMULA, SO I'M  
GOIN' UP TO BALD MOUN-  
TAIN TO BORROW SOME!  
BE RIGHT BACK, OWLIE!

OKAY,  
HAZEL!  
BE SEEN'  
YA!

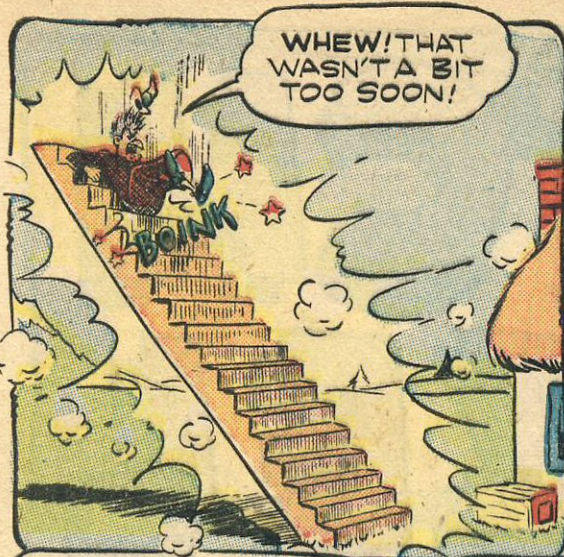
MY BROOM!  
IT'S GONE!

POO!

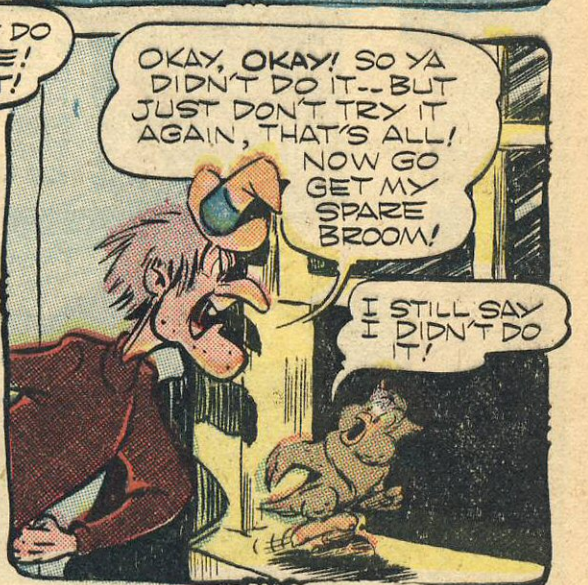
WHOEVER DID THAT,  
SAY YOUR PRAYERS!  
MAGIC POWDER--  
GIVE ME STAIRS!

POW

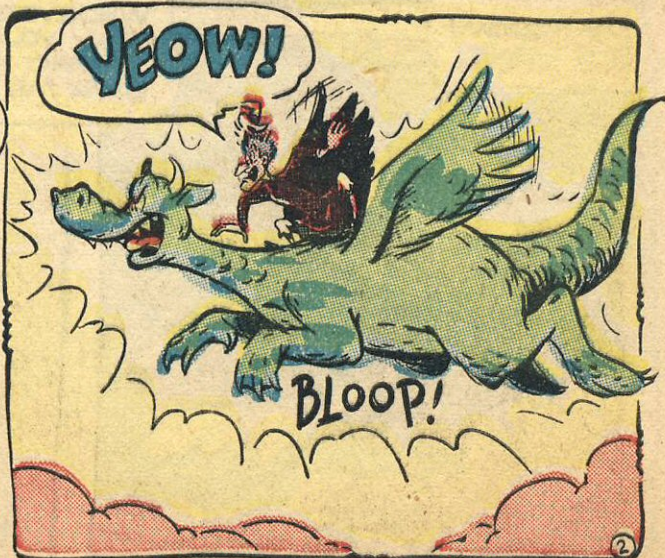
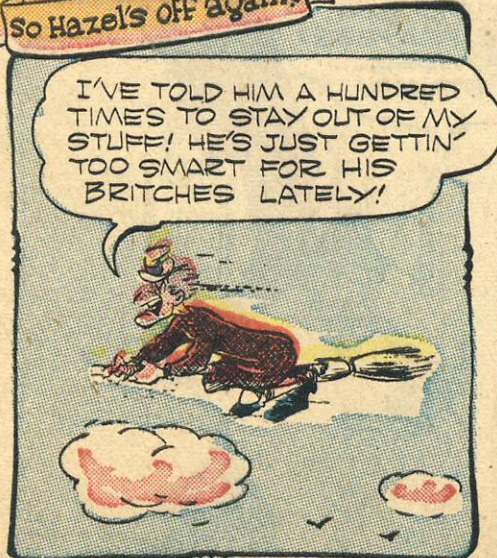




I DIDN'T DO IT, HAZE! HONEST!

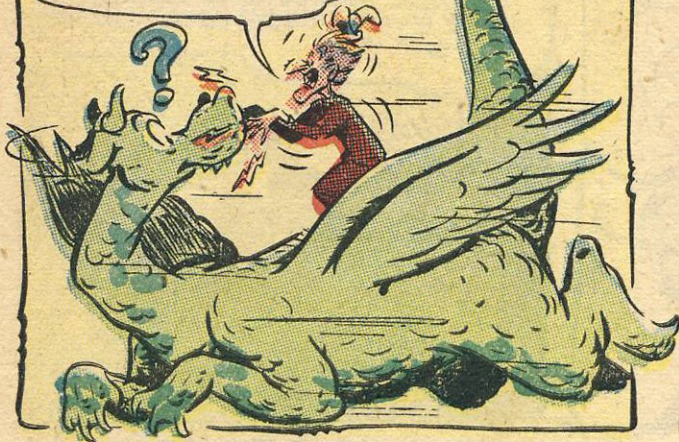


So Hazel's off again.





BY ALL BLACK MAGIC  
THAT THERE BE...  
LET MY BROOM  
RETURN TO ME!

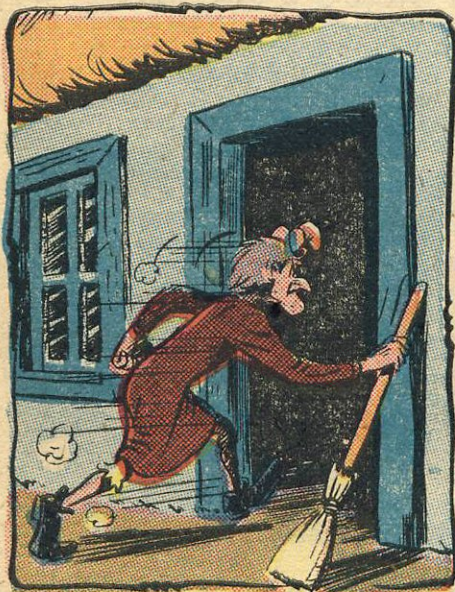


WHEW! OF ALL THE  
LOW-DOWN TRICKS  
TO PULL!! THAT'S  
ALL, BROTHER!



OH, AREN'T YOU CLEVER!  
PRETENDING TO BE  
ASLEEP! WELL, THIS  
WILL FIX YA!

HUH?  
H-M!



BEFORE MY WITCHLY  
POWERS... QUAKE!  
I'M MAKING YOU  
INTO A RAKE!

HEY! WHAT'S  
TH' IDEA?



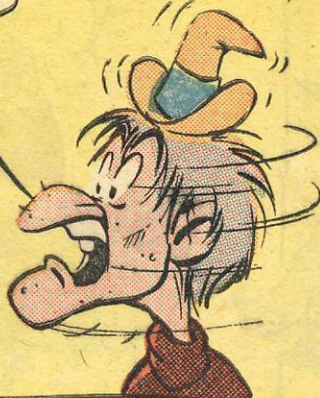
NOW I CAN BE ON MY WAY  
AND... YIPE! MY BROOM  
CHANGED INTO A  
CANDY  
CANEE!





OWLIE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT! HE'S --- SAY! SOMEBODY BACK THERE IN THE WOODS IS LAUGHING AT ME!

HO, HO  
HO!  
HAW!



WELL, I'LL BE A SNAKE'S BACK LEGS! WHO ARE YOU?

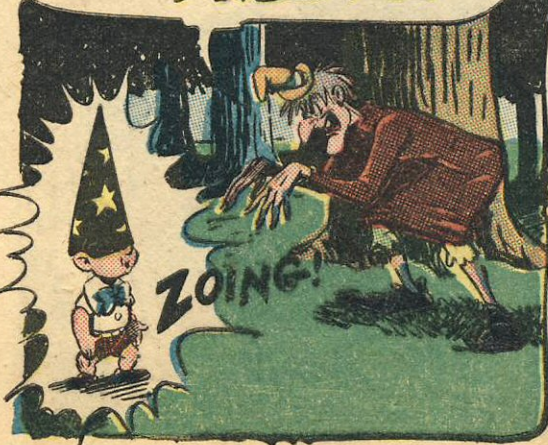
I'M WARREN WIZARD, YA OLD HAG! AND FROM NOW ON, I'M DOIN' THE BLACK MAGIC IN THIS TERRITORY!



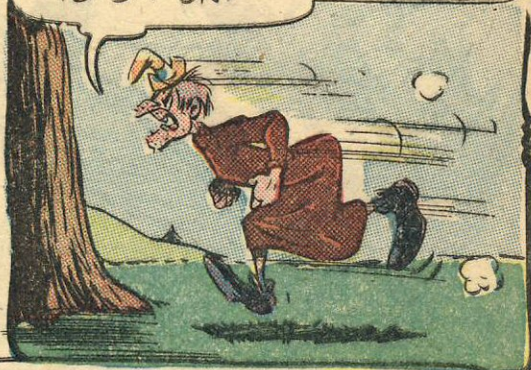
FLAT-FOOT FLOOGIE WITH A FLOY-- MAKE THIS JERK A LITTLE BOY! **PRESTO!**

**PRESTO!**

ZOING!



IT'S PROBABLY GUS GOBLIN THAT'S BEEN DOIN' ALL THIS! WELL, WITCHES ARE TWICE AS MAGIC AS GOBLINS! I'LL CHANGE HIM INTO A TOADSTOOL FOR EVERY FROG IN TH' WOODS TO SIT ON!



THOSE STUNTS I PULLED ON YA WERE JUST A WARNIN'! NOW PACK UP AND GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE I REALLY DO SOMETHIN' HORRIBLE TO YA-- LIKE MAKIN' YA BEAUTIFUL, F'R INSTANCE!



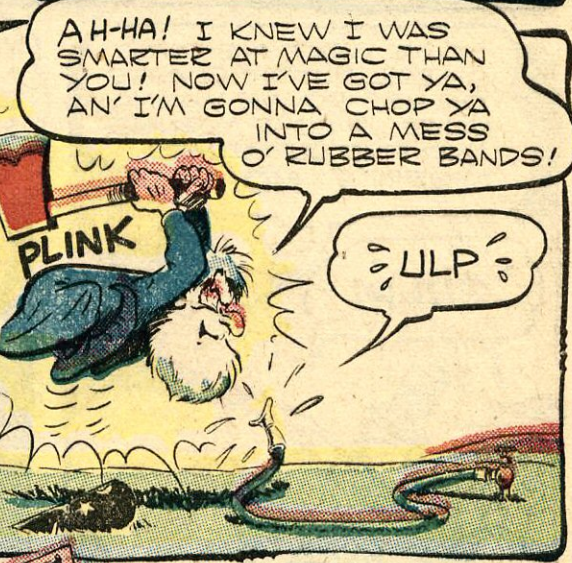
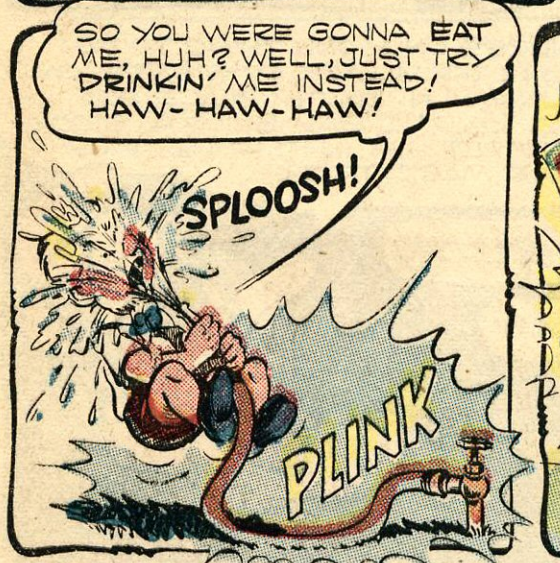
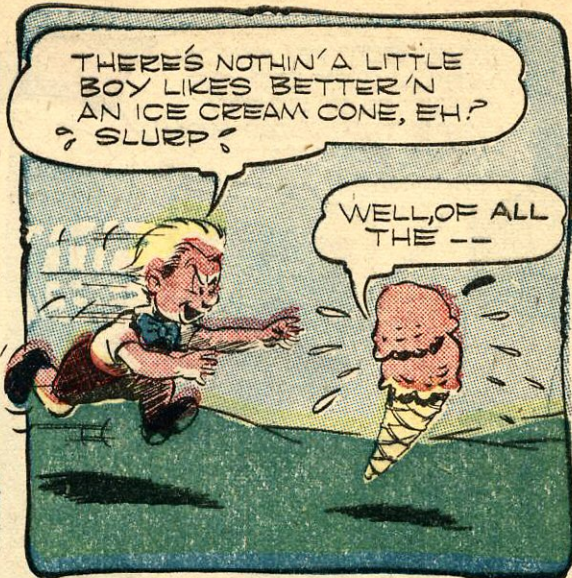
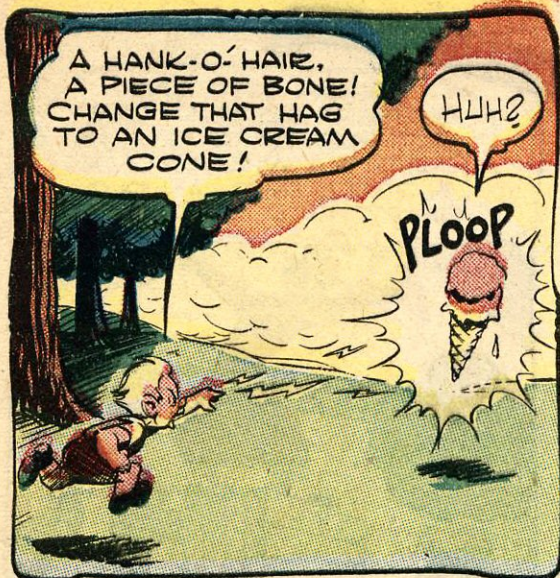
WHAT?  
YOU'RE TAKIN' MY TERRITORY? WHY, YOU OLD COOT! I'LL SHOW YOU!

THAT'LL FIX HIM! I'VE BEEN DOIN' MAGIC FOR 200 YEARS IN THESE PARTS, AND NO CORNY WIZARD IS TAKIN' OVER!

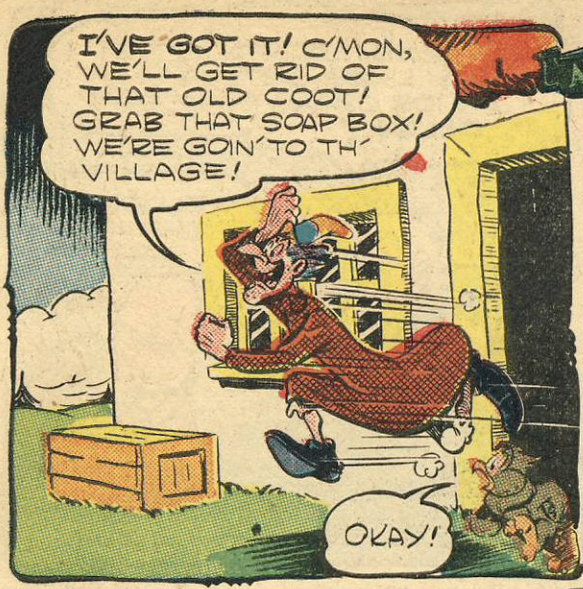
SO THAT'S TH' WAY YA WANT IT, HUH? OKAY!











I'VE GOT IT! C'MON, WE'LL GET RID OF THAT OLD COOT! GRAB THAT SOAP BOX! WE'RE GOIN' TO TH' VILLAGE!

OKAY!

A few minutes later...



FELLA CITIZENS! GATHER AROUND! I'VE GOT PLENTY TO TELL YA! THERE'S A WIZARD LIVIN' IN OUR MIDST... AN OLD GENT THAT DOES BLACK MAGIC!



DO WE WANT THIS DOER OF EVIL PUTTIN' CURSES ON US? DO WE WANNA WAKE UP SOME MORNING AND FIND OURSELVES MISSIN'? **NO!**

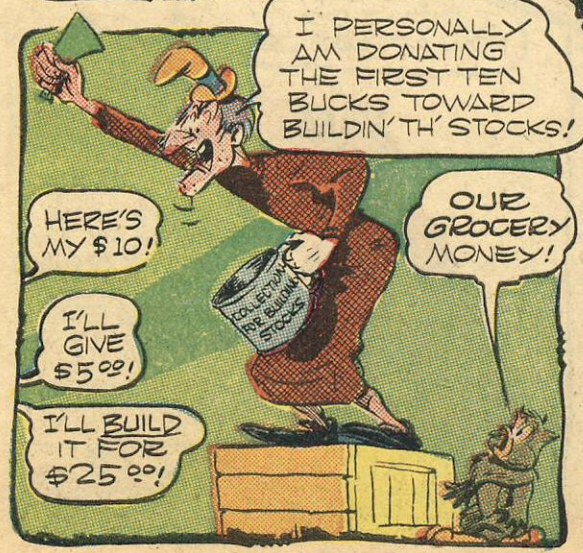
GULP!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! MAKE THE VILLAGE OF WIENER-ON-BUN AN UNHEALTHY PLACE FOR HIS KIND! I SAY BUILD A STOCK- AND PUT HIM IN IT IF HE TRIES ONE MAGIC TRICK!

SHE'S RIGHT!

YUP!



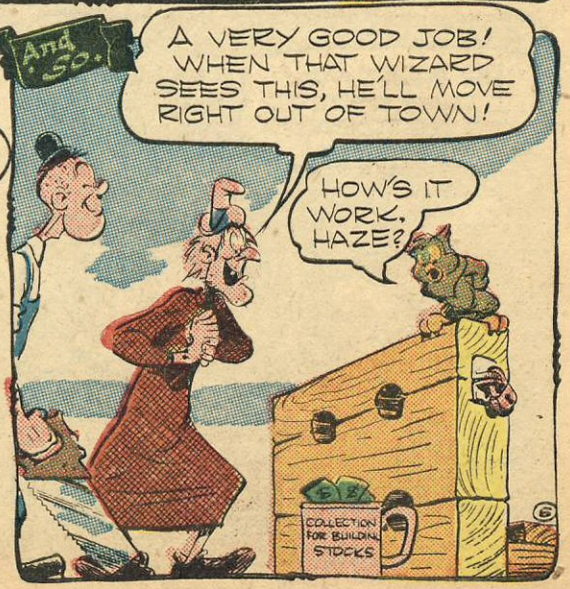
I PERSONALLY AM DONATING THE FIRST TEN BUCKS TOWARD BUILDIN' TH' STOCKS!

HERE'S MY \$10!

I'LL GIVE \$5.00!

I'LL BUILD IT FOR \$25.00!

OUR GROCERY MONEY!



And so...

A VERY GOOD JOB! WHEN THAT WIZARD SEES THIS, HE'LL MOVE RIGHT OUT OF TOWN!

HOW'S IT WORK, HAZE?

COLLECTION FOR BUILDIN' STOCKS



LIKE THIS! IF THAT OLD WIZARD TRIES ANYTHING, THEY'LL PUT HIS ARMS AND LEGS IN THESE HOLES, LOCK HIM UP AND LET HIM SIT FOR A MONTH! THAT OUGHTA SCARE HIM OFF - HUH?

WELL, I'M TAKIN' MY MONEY AN' GOING HOME!

YEAH!

DARN THAT OLD WITCH! MIGHT AS WELL MOVE SOMEPLACE ELSE! I'LL BE DARNED IF I'M GONNA SPEND ANY TIME IN THAT THING!

I STILL DON'T THINK IT WAS WORTH SPENDIN' ALL OUR EATIN' MONEY ON! NOW WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

QUIT WORRYIN'! I'LL GET OUR MONEY BACK!

OH, YEAH? HOW?

LIKE THIS: TOADS AND SNAKES AND MAGIC BLACK... GIVE ME NOW MY MONEY BACK!"

SO! GONNA PUT TH' WIZARD IN THE STOCKS FOR PULLIN' ONE MAGIC TRICK, HUH?

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WHEN THEY FINALLY LET YA OUT?

MOVE OUT OF THIS CORNY TOWN! WHAT ELSE?

The END!



# CORKY

by KEN HULTGREN

HELLO!  
I'M CORKY!

I'M  
HUNGRY!

ME TOO! AH-H!  
STEAK WITH MASHED  
POTATOES!-WHAT  
DO YOU LIKE?

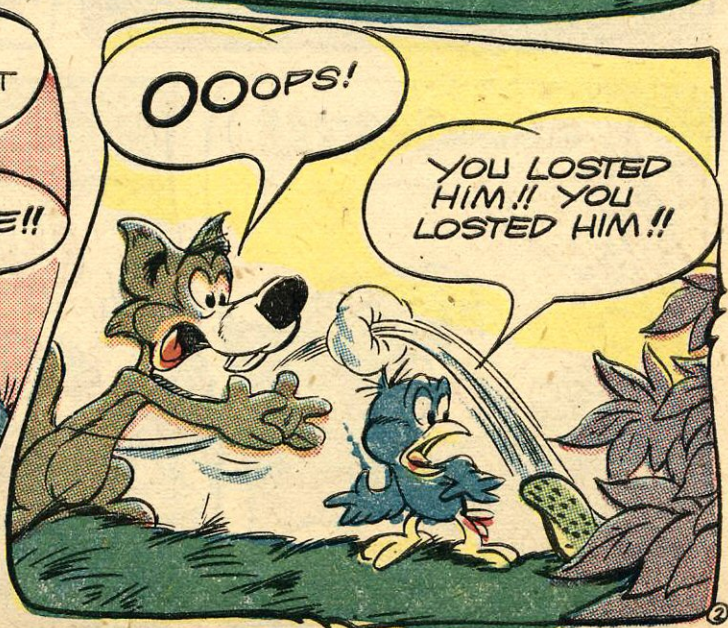
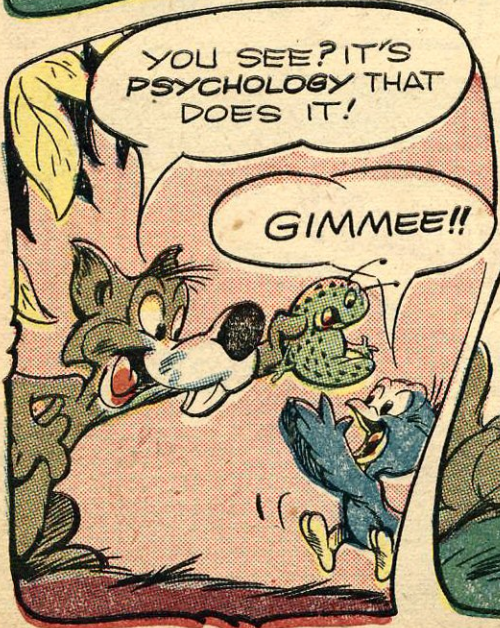
**WOIMS!!**  
**BIG FAT**  
**JUICY**  
**WOIMS**  
**!!**

LIKE ME--  
NO DOUBT!

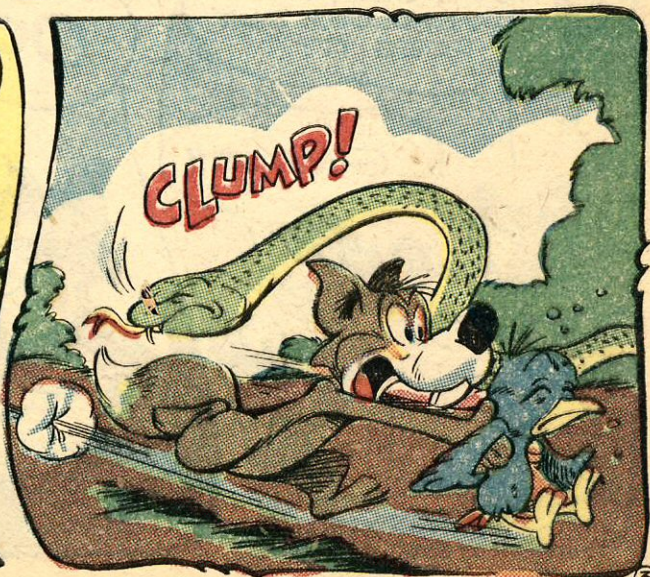
YAS! JIST  
LIKE YOUSE!

HOLE IN  
ONE!

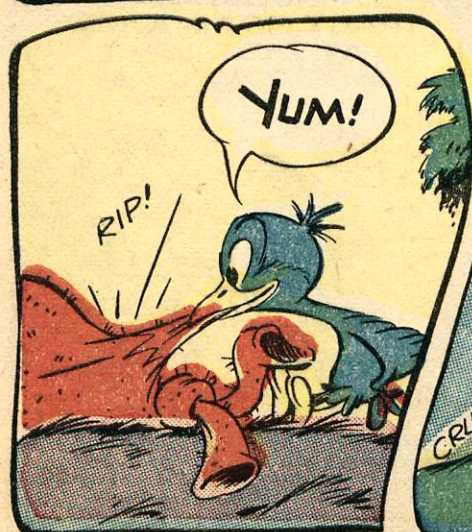
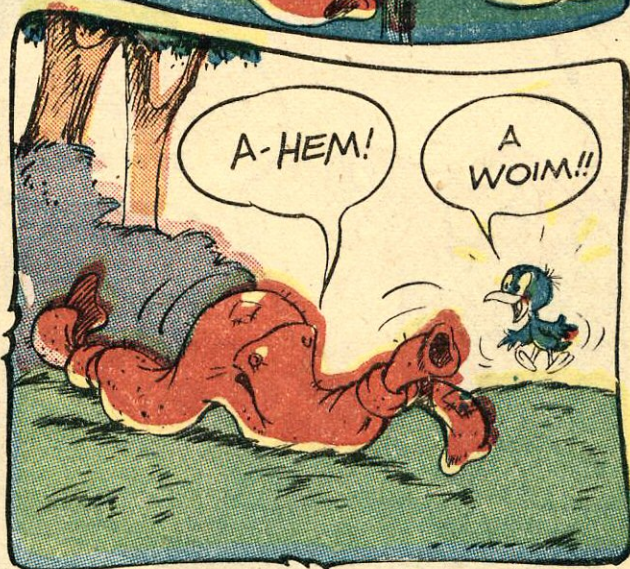
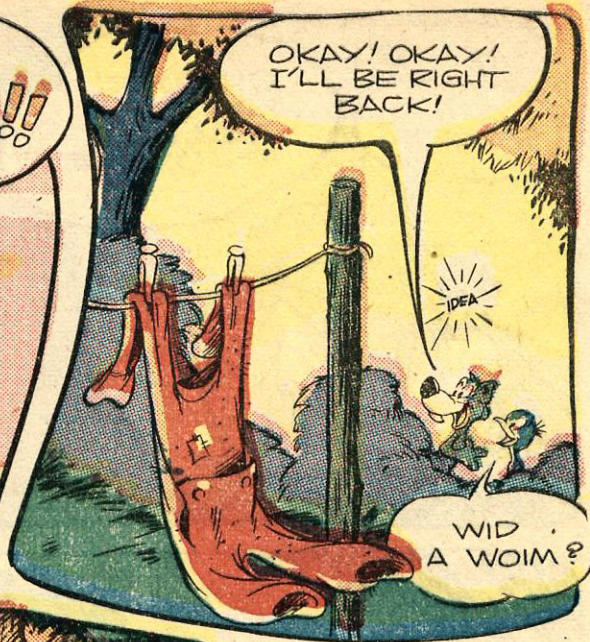
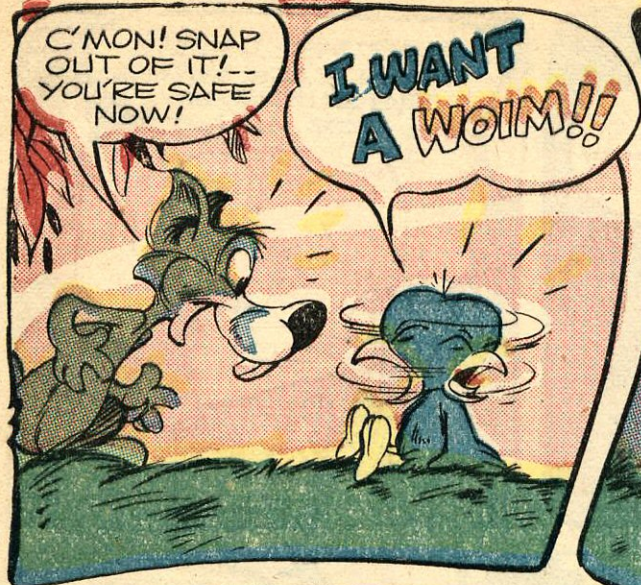




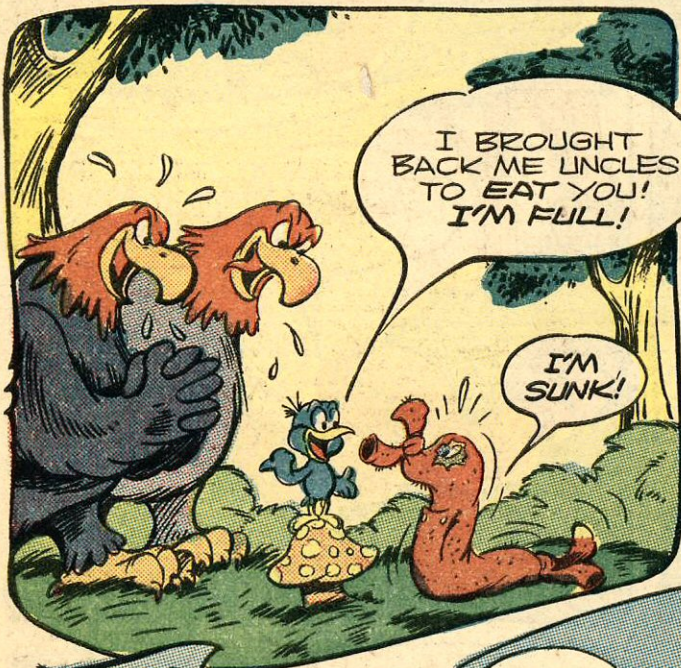














# NOW! ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES IN 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING VOLUME!

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**25¢**

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OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

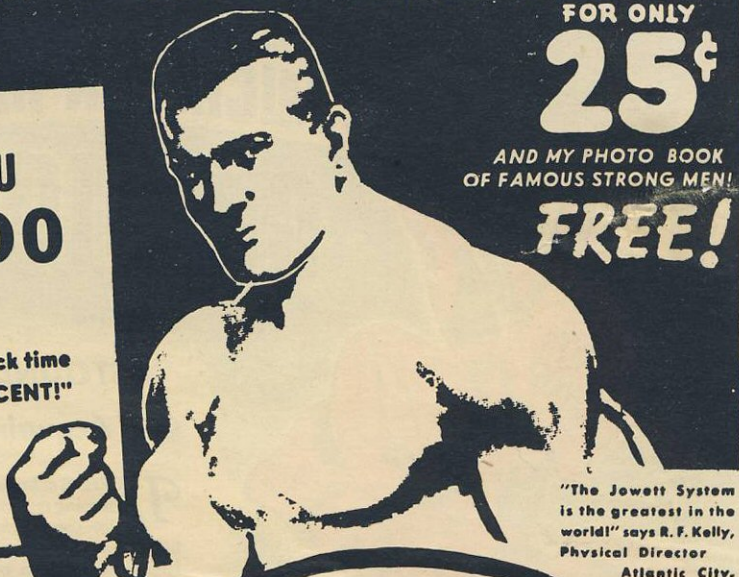
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MAKE ME PROVE—

## I can make YOU COMMANDO -TOUGH

inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says *George F. Jowett*  
whom experts call the  
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



"The Jowett System  
is the greatest in the  
world!" says R. F. Kelly,  
Physical Director  
Atlantic City.

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### Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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A.  
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athlete who was  
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ca's first prize-  
winner for  
Physical Per-  
fection.



REX FERRIS  
Champion  
Strength  
Athlete of  
South Africa.  
Says he: "I  
owe every-  
thing to  
Jowett meth-  
ods!" Look  
at this chest  
—then consider  
the value of  
the Jowett  
Courses!

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### Send for Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

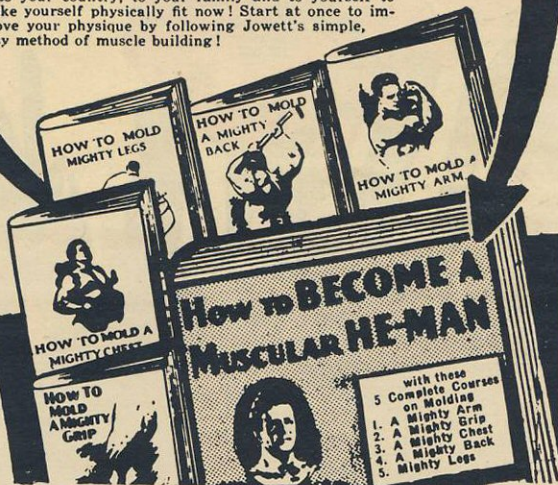
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